THE

JULY 1915

WIDE WORLD

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THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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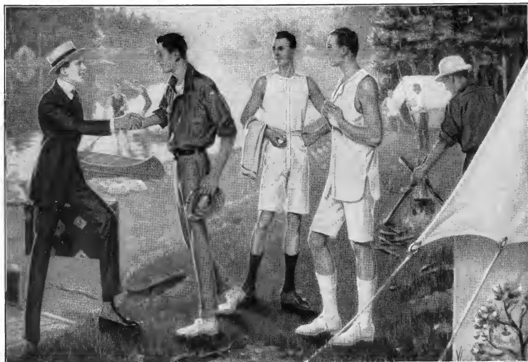

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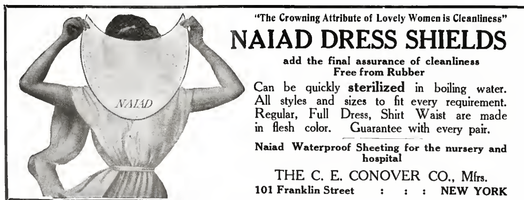

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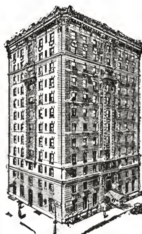

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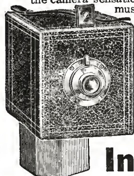

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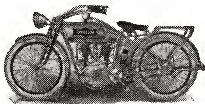

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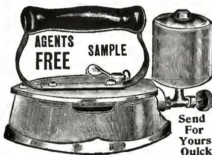

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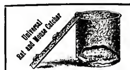

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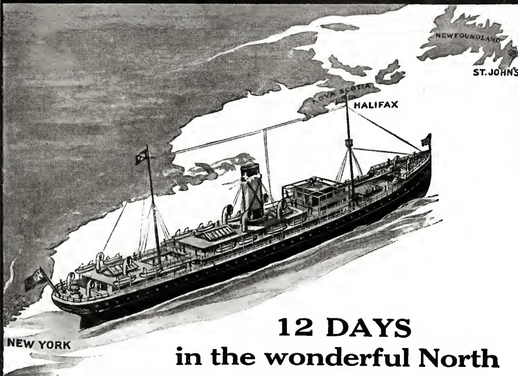

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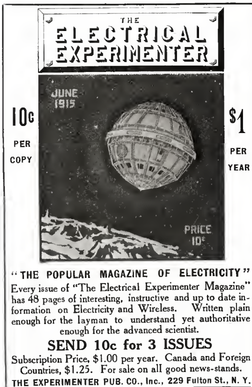

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SEE PAGE 202.

THE WIDE WORLD MAGAZINE
ADVENTURE — TRAVEL — SPORT
Vol. XXXV. JULY, 1915. No. 207.

A MILLIONAIRE'S ADVENTURE.

By LUIGI PESCIO, OF MILAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY T. SOMERFIELD.

That Italy is still the home of romance is amply proved by the following remarkable story of real life. It describes the experience that befell Signor Luigi Beretta, a Milan millionaire, who was made the victim of an infamous plot which for audacity and cold-blooded calculation has seldom been excelled. The details of this amazing story were specially collected on the spot on behalf of "The Wide World Magazine."

IN the suburbs of Milan is a small villa, standing in its own grounds. If ever a house bore mystery written across its face it was this one as I saw it a little while ago. The shutters were closed, the gate let into the high wall which surrounded the property was weather-beaten and rusty, and the garden was a wilderness of weeds and tall grass. The only other dwelling in the neighbourhood was a farm, a few yards from which, on the side of the road, was a column supporting a statue of the Virgin. Hence the villa's name—"Casino della Madonna"—which was to be seen inscribed on each side of the gateway. The house had a history; that was evident. I found it easy to learn, for all Italy has been discussing the astonishing events which happened there recently.

Early in December, 1903, a certain Signor Angelo Vecchio, a Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy, well known in Milan, entered into negotiations with the owner of the Casino della Madonna, which happened at that time to be unoccupied. He stated that he intended to use the house as a studio and turn the garden into a poultry-farm. He paid a quarter's rent in advance, and took the villa on a repairing lease for a year. The agreement signed, he placed the house and the workmen whom he had called in under the charge of a certain Malpelli, a man of twenty-nine, who had formerly been in his employ, and in whom he placed the utmost confidence. So great, indeed, was his trust in this man that he tried to persuade him to allow him to have the lease made out in his name. Vecchio cautioned Malpelli that he must never on any account speak of the villa under his care. He also handed him a revolver a few days after putting him in possession. "Since you will have to live here alone, even at night," he said, "it is as well that you should have this weapon at your disposal."

Signor Angelo Vecchio was, as I have said, well known to the inhabitants of Milan. Tall and well-built, he had a healthy and cheerful appearance, was always well-dressed, and extremely amiable. He was one of those men

who are ever on the move and whose activity seems inexhaustible. Exceedingly ambitious, he was unceasingly on the look-out for a better position, and, not being over-scrupulous as to the means of attaining his ends, he was not generally liked by those with whom he came into contact. The rearing of animals in general, and the breeding of dogs in particular, was one of his greatest passions. He had not been long occupied in this branch of sport before he took a prominent position among the organizers of the dog shows which are annually held in Milan. After one particular show, however, where he succeeded for a time in filling one of the highest posts, he ceased to take an active part in these sporting events, either because his excessive *amour propre* was not satisfied, or because of disagreements with his co-workers, who seemed to have lost confidence in him.

Previous to this Angelo Vecchio had become the proprietor of a sporting journal entitled *Caccia e Tiri* (Hunting and Shooting), which he edited for some time. He also published a manual on "The Dog," which was especially remarkable on account of the coloured plates, which he himself designed. In addition to this work of art, he was the author of an album of really clever coloured drawings of dogs.

These occupations did not, however, entirely fill up his time. Signor Vecchio was connected with many companies, most of which came to an unhappy end, though the last business scheme on which he embarked was a success, and enabled him to live in comfort with his wife and seven-year-old daughter in a smart little flat.

Among Signor Vecchio's friends was Signor Luigi Beretta, the last male representative of a wealthy Milanese family—a fair-haired, rather delicate young man. He was well known as one of the fashionable members of the upper circles of Milan, and also as an enthusiastic dog-fancier, spending many thousands of pounds annually on his favourite hobby. This passion for dogs was precisely the reason for his great friendship with Signor Vecchio, a friendship which had lasted for years. At the annual shows organized by Vecchio Signor Beretta was always one of the most important exhibitors. In short, the two men were inseparable, and Vecchio was received by Signor Beretta's mother and sisters more like one of the family than a mere friend.

One Monday afternoon in the month of December, 1903, about half-past four o'clock, two men stepped out of a tramcar opposite Beretta's house. After a hurried conversation in a low voice, in front of the carriage entrance, they separated, one walking rapidly down the street whilst the other staggered rather than walked into the house. The former was Malpelli and the latter Signor Luigi Beretta.

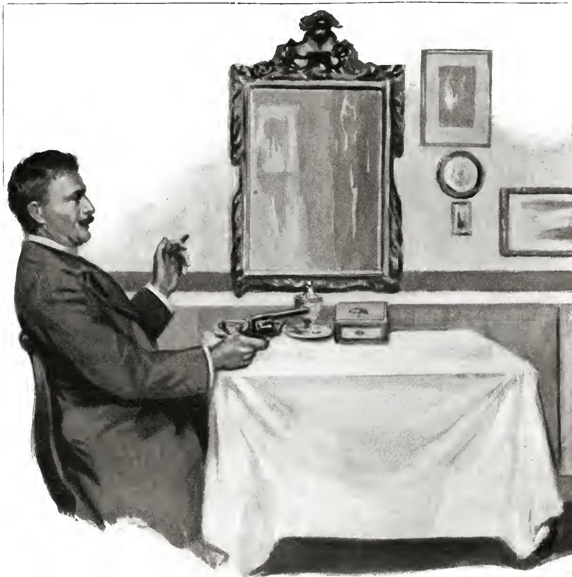
Hardly had Signor Beretta reached the door-keeper's lodge than he burst into tears, much to the astonishment of the *concierge*, who immediately came out of her room to ask him what was the matter. But she was too late. The young man had hurried up the staircase, reached his flat, and entered. In spite of violent efforts to hide his emotion, Signor Beretta failed to conceal from his mother and sisters that something extraordinary had happened to him. He was trembling in every limb; his face was stained with tears and drawn with anxiety, and he had just sufficient strength to stagger to an arm-chair. When he had somewhat recovered himself he related the astonishing experience that had befallen him.

In a voice which was frequently broken with emotion he said that he had been invited by Signor Angelo Vecchio to visit the Casino della Madonna in order to see some paintings of dogs which the latter had just completed. Accepting the invitation, he met his friend at an appointed hour and place, and at ten o'clock in the morning they took a cab to go to the villa. On reaching the former *octroi* office at the Porta Venezia a strange thing happened. Vecchio, making some trifling excuse, insisted on getting out of the cab and taking another. Beretta thought this peculiar, but put it down to caprice, and by the time they had reached the Casino della Madonna he had almost forgotten it. Immediately on arriving at the villa—the door being opened to them by Malpelli—Signor Beretta commenced looking at the pictures. When he had seen several of them he was invited by Vecchio to enter a small room adjoining, where a number of other studies of animals were hung on the walls. While he was bending down to examine a small picture which was somewhat in shadow, Vecchio suddenly seized him from behind, threw him violently on the floor, and then, aided by Malpelli, who was close at hand, bound him hand and foot with broad leather straps. These, unlike ropes, leave no marks upon the body; this fact should be borne in mind in view of what follows.

All this was done without a word being uttered on either side, Beretta being too astonished to make a sound. Once securely bound, the young millionaire was carried, half-dazed with fright at the suddenness of the attack, into the room he had first entered. Here Vecchio and Malpelli placed him in an arm-chair facing the writing-table and undid his bonds sufficiently to leave his right arm free. Then, presenting a loaded revolver at Beretta's head, Vecchio ordered him to write at his

"Vecchio suddenly seized him from behind and threw him violently on the floor."

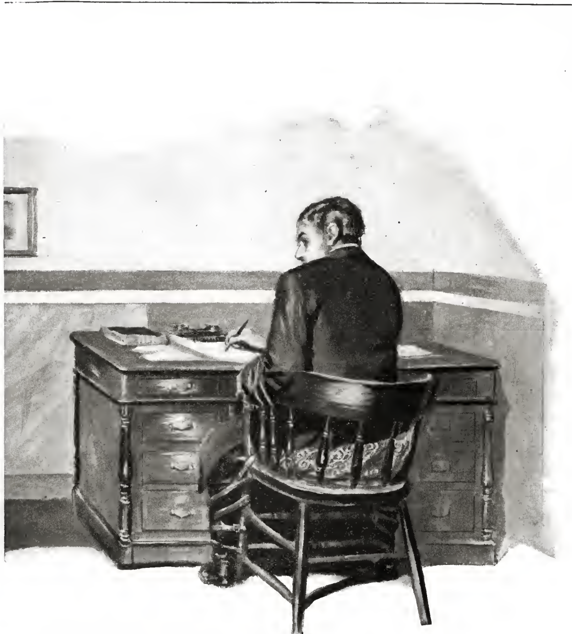
dictation. "Any attempt at resistance," he said, sternly, "will be worse than useless." He then bade the captive sign three bills of exchange for four hundred pounds each—bills which he had evidently drafted in advance. But this was not all. Vecchio had also prepared a will, which he forced Beretta, under threats of death, to copy out and sign. The unfortunate man wrote quite automatically, having lost all will-power. He was compelled to make three copies of this testament, by which he left several legacies to philanthropic institutions and a third of his entire fortune to Vecchio. Next, under the latter's orders, enforced with significant gestures with the revolver, Beretta wrote four letters. One was to his notary, Meulclozzi, in which Beretta said that he forwarded him his last will and testament; another was to his



"Whilst the young millionaire was copying and signing the various

mother, telling her that he would not return home during the day; and the others were to friends, informing them that he was going to fight a duel, and that should he be killed he alone was responsible for his death.

By this time, even in his dazed condition, the young millionaire began to see that all this was nothing but the prelude to a tragedy of which he was to be the victim. Otherwise these cunningly-worded documents were of no use. With him out of the way, however, the letters, written by his own hand, would obviate all suspicions of foul play, and Vecchio would receive a third of his fortune, to say nothing of being able to cash the bills. With the will and the letters Beretta realized that he had practically signed his own death-warrant! A mortal terror seized upon him, and he became for the nonce



documents Vecchio sat at an adjoining table calmly eating his luncheon."

a mere automaton, almost incapable of thought or action.

But even now the inexorable Vecchio was not satisfied. He made several demands for ready money, saying that he wanted two thousand eight hundred pounds. Finding that Beretta did not carry such a large sum of money about with him, he contented himself with a bond for one thousand six hundred pounds, made out on stamped paper, in addition to the bills of exchange already mentioned.

Whilst the young millionaire was copying and signing these various documents Vecchio sat at an adjoining table calmly eating the luncheon which Malpelli brought him course by course. His revolver lay alongside his knife and fork, and every now and then he toyed with it as though to remind the luckless Beretta that he was wholly in his power. He drank many glasses of good wine, and did not omit to take coffee and a liqueur. Then, after finishing an excellent meal, he smoked a cigar as collectedly as though he had been sitting in his club.

It was then about half-past three o'clock, and the prisoner was beginning to get rather tired of sitting in the stiff, upright position rendered necessary by his bonds, when Vecchio rose and took possession of the papers on the table, leaving, however, the draft will and the letter to Beretta's mother. Before quitting the room he asked the millionaire if he could have three hundred lire from the pocket-book which he had taken from him. Naturally, being unable to offer any resistance, Beretta replied in the affirmative. Vecchio then departed without saying another word. From his chair, however, the captive could hear him giving orders to Malpelli, both in regard to himself and the draft will, which was to be destroyed, together with any other compromising document.

By this time Beretta was fairly easy in his mind, for towards the end of the ordeal Malpelli had given him to understand by signs, made behind his master's back, that he had nothing more to fear. Needless to say, the knowledge that he had an ally, and was not, after all, destined to be murdered, gave him intense relief. A few minutes after Vecchio's departure, in fact, he was released. Not only did Malpelli do this, but he handed to Beretta the papers he had received instructions to destroy, and saw the young fellow safely home.

Examination of the will which Vecchio had drawn up left not the slightest doubt that the plot against Signor Beretta had been premeditated for some considerable time. The document was a masterpiece. Almost every line showed an intimate knowledge of Signor Beretta's family affairs; in order that suspicion of foul play should be disarmed, no one was forgotten. The slightest details and the legacies to servants showed long and conscientious observation on the part of the author of the document.

Having heard Signor Beretta's story, we will follow Malpelli and hear his version of the infamous plot of which the young millionaire was the victim. On the evening of that memorable Monday he called to see his mother, as he frequently did.

"*Buona sera, madre!*" he exclaimed, cheerfully, seeing her standing at the door of her house. "I'm no longer in the employ of Signor Vecchio."

"Ah! And how is that?" asked the good woman, in surprise.

"That's a long story," replied Malpelli. "But should Vecchio come here to ask for me, you can tell him that, though I may be hot-headed, I'm not a murderer!"

The poor woman was visibly impressed by her son's agitation and the enigmatic words which he had just spoken. She set to work to draw his story from him, and at last succeeded in hearing every detail of the tragic adventure in which he had been implicated. His narrative coincided in its main features with that given above—with this difference, that he endeavoured to prove his own innocence and show what an heroic part he had played in rescuing Signor Beretta. He stated, for instance, that when the two friends arrived at the Casino della Madonna he was in absolute ignorance of the plans of his employer, and that the scene which he witnessed so upset him that he quite lost his head. Incapable of refusing point-blank to assist Vecchio, he decided to obey his orders up to a certain point; but as soon as he was out of the way to throw him over and assist the captive. Vecchio told him that he was going to Genoa and Rome, and coolly gave him instructions relative to the murder of Signor Beretta. The unfortunate young man was to be drowned in a tank at the Casino della Madonna, and then thrown into a neighbouring stream, in order to make people believe that he had committed suicide! The letters, of course, which were to be posted immediately, would heighten this impression and avert all suspicion of foul play.

Malpelli agreed to everything, and accepted from Vecchio a note for a hundred lire, in part payment of the sum which he was to receive for his services. As soon as he was certain that his master had really left the villa, however, and was not likely to return, he hastened to release the prisoner, and left the Casino della Madonna with him, not omitting to leave on the table the

hundred-lire note which Vecchio had given him. In order to explain to his mother how it was that he had in his possession bank-notes to the value of two hundred lire, Malpelli explained that they had been given to him, in spite of his repeated protests, by Signor Beretta, who, in pressing them upon him, had promised not only to refuse to institute proceedings against him, but to take him into his employment.

The morning after, at the very moment Malpelli was addressing a letter to Signor Beretta reminding him of his promises, Vecchio's accomplice was arrested. A detective disguised as a postman came to his mother's house on the pretext of delivering a registered letter, and in the presence of two other detectives, who came ostensibly to witness the signature, took Malpelli into custody.

Through a very natural sense of gratitude towards Malpelli, Signor Beretta at first stoutly refused to denounce Vecchio to the police. But his scruples were finally overcome by his family, who argued that to allow so dangerous a man to go unpunished was a wrong to society. Finally, therefore, he called in his advocate and gave instructions for the necessary steps to be taken. Malpelli was, of course, the first to be arrested. As to Vecchio, he had left Milan on the evening of the execution of the plot, and was not to return until the newspapers had announced the discovery of Signor Beretta's body. In order to assist the police in their work, all the Milan newspapers were instructed to observe the greatest discretion possible, and to announce in their columns the discovery in the neighbourhood of Greco of the body of a wealthy young man of Milan, who had evidently committed suicide. Almost all the Milan newspapers carried out the wishes of the *Questore* (Prefect of Police). One, however, " let the cat out of the bag," and as a result the news of the tragic events at the Casino della Madonna was telegraphed all over the peninsula. But for this unfortunate error of judgment there can be little doubt that Vecchio would have fallen into the trap which the police had set for him. He was not, however, to escape punishment.

Signora Angelo Vecchio, the wife of the accused man, was horrified at the news which gradually came to her ears. She was ignorant of the fact that her husband had rented the Casino della Madonna, and ignorant also of his present whereabouts. On the evening of the crime, according to custom, she went to dine at her mother-in-law's, where she was joined by her husband about half-past five o'clock. Much to her surprise he came simply to ask her for the keys of their flat, stating that he had to go to Genoa to see a gentleman there on the subject of certain attractions for the next dog show. He added that, in all probability, he would be forced to travel on to Rome, where he also had important business to transact. They returned to the apartment, packed his portmanteau, and Vecchio set off. As to his address, he said that he would not go as usual to the Hotel Confidenza, but if there were any letters for him they could be forwarded to the house of one of his aunts. More she could not say.

From the investigations of Signor Silco, a well-known Genoa detective, it appeared certain that Vecchio arrived in that city on the Monday night, had luncheon on the following day at the Hotel Italia, and dined in the evening at a restaurant with a theatrical agent to whom he had offered a handsome commission if he could succeed in cashing for him bills of exchange to the value of four thousand pounds.. This agent's attempt to cash the bills having failed, he advised Vecchio to take them to Rome. The next person to see Vecchio was the special correspondent of an Italian newspaper, who met him quite by chance, but attached no importance whatever to the meeting, as it was not yet generally known in Rome that he was " wanted " by the police. Both men knew each other well, and stopped to talk for a few minutes near the Palazzo Boccoui, on the Piazza Colonna—that is to say, in the very centre of the capital. Vecchio looked worried. and the keen-eyed newspaper man noted that his face was very red and that his toilet had been neglected.

" And what brings you to Rome ? " he asked.

" I've come on important business," Vecchio replied. " I shall probably remain here a few days."

And he went on to speak of the forthcoming new edition of his manual, " The Dog."

It was not until much later in the day that the journalist heard of the crime of which Vecchio was accused. He was in the company of Signor Brunialti, an *attaché* at the Ministry of the Interior, at the time, and promptly informed him of his chance meeting with Vecchio. Signor Brunialti at once communicated with the police, who began a search in every boarding-house and hotel in the city.

At half-past seven on the morning of December 10th Vecchio took a cab at the corner of the Via Pontefici, ordering the coachman to drive him to the Porta Maggiore. He was wearing a dark-coloured overcoat, with astrakhan collar and cuffs, and he looked very grave, although he showed no signs of agitation. When going along the Via Catiline he stopped the cab and got out. The driver noticed that he was now very agitated and deadly pale. Vecchio cast a glance around

him, and, seeing that there were a number of people in the street, got into the cab again and told the driver to take him to the Pincio. The man again crossed the city by way of the Via Sistina. On reaching the Trinità de' Monti and when exactly opposite the French Academy, a policeman, named Giovanni Fiorino, who was standing on duty there, noticed that the man in the cab passing within twenty yards looked at him fixedly. Fiorino thought that Vecchio was one of his superior officers in plain clothes, and as he was surreptitiously smoking the stump of a cigar he quickly threw it away. This movement had an extraordinary effect on Vecchio, who evidently thought that the policeman was getting ready to arrest him, for the next moment the report of a revolver rang out, and the horrified policeman saw Vecchio fall back on the cushions streaming with blood. The cabman drew up instantly; the policeman rushed forward, and they attempted, but in vain, to revive the wounded man. Seeing that they could do nothing the cabman drove Vecchio to the S. Giacomo Hospital, which was quite near, where he died a few minutes afterwards. The bullet had entered the right temple and death was inevitable. The revolver with which he killed himself was the very one he had used to threaten Signor Beretta.

Several important documents were found either on his body or in his portmanteau at the Hotel Nazionale. On the last page of a notebook Vecchio had written in pencil, the night before his suicide, the following confession :—

" I have just learnt from the newspapers the infamous part Joseph Malpelli has played, so I have decided to kill myself. My brother Luigi is in no way responsible. He is in absolute ignorance as to anything concerning Malpelli and myself in this sad affair. Sabbatini's betrayal has been the cause of my ruin. I ask everybody's pardon. I shall now follow my destiny. As to Signor Beretta, I ask him to forgive me. Eleven o'clock p.m."

The " Sabbatini " mentioned in this document was the secretary of an important show to be held at Milan in 1904. Vecchio disliked him for contesting his candidature for an important post on the committee.

Another document found at the hotel was the following letter, dated December 7th, and addressed to Vecchio himself :—

" DEAR SIGNOR VECCHIO,—I am forced to go away from Milan to-day, so regret that I shall not be able to meet you at the appointed rendezvous. I cannot say whether I shall return this evening. Anyway, please do not come to my house, as I have not left any instructions.—LUIGI BERETTA."

This letter bore no postmark, and was evidently one of those which Vecchio had forced Signor Beretta to write in order to facilitate his infamous plot.

As to the actual responsibility of Vecchio and Malpelli in this tragic drama, it has been alleged that Vecchio promised Malpelli a reward of two thousand pounds if he carried out his orders, and that the man only released Signor Beretta from his terrible situation on extorting from him a solemn promise to pay a similar amount. As to this, however, Signor Beretta stoutly persisted in proclaiming the man's innocence. Both Malpelli and Luigi Vecchio—the chief criminal's brother, who had also been arrested—were therefore set at liberty.

Signor Beretta suffered for a long time from the effects of the shock of his terrible experiences in the Casino della Madonna. Never, probably, will he efface from his memory the vision of Vecchio calmly eating his luncheon, with a revolver at his side, whilst he copied out the will which had been drawn up for him, and which was to be discovered after he himself had been brutally done to death.

The Buca di Nona and Mount Emelius, from the pastures at Aosta.
Photo. by Donald McLeish.

WAR-TIME WANDERINGS IN THE ITALIAN ALPS.

By M. S. T.

How a merry trio of climbers went a-wandering in the Italian Alps, bent on doing a little climbing and having a good time generally. At present it is rather an undertaking to visit this delightful region, but when brighter days dawn it is probable that many mountaineers will endeavour to emulate the Author's example.

LL that I relate herein came to pass quite recently. How recently is of little consequence to anybody, for I am now with the Colours, and trips outside the fighting area are regarded by the authorities as too unsavoury for adequate explanation. "What difference," you may ask, "has the war wrought for the climber in Italy?" On the surface very little change is to be perceived, but away from the cities, on the mighty passes, wars and rumours of war have brought strange spectacles to light. Of these I propose

to say nothing, for possibly the Censor would regard my candour with pursed lips. Yet I may reasonably warn the would-be Alpinist that the question of passports to-day is not the easy "Ask and you shall receive" condition prevailing before the war. First-rate credentials are demanded and strict supervision is exercised from one end of your journey to the other. In spite of minor discomforts of this kind, however, the adventure is a delicious one, well worthy of mature consideration. Nowhere in Europe outside the region of the present conflict is the Briton better treated than he is to-day in Italy. Sympathies are with us in every way. Even in the recognized "military zones" about the principal passes, the humblest subaltern is ready to go to any personal inconvenience to set the "Eenglces" on the right road. But if you would avoid the military spheres altogether, the guides know their work sufficiently well to avoid danger of complications with the military authorities. To-day, as you will appreciate, the Italians can take no chances; they have the defence of their country to think about, and such restrictions as are imposed upon their friendly neighbours from England will be only too joyfully respected by climbers.

At no time has the "smart" climber frequented the Alps of Italy. Your curled and perfumed Alpinist of Chamonix and Interlaken, demanding fine wines and choice viands after his feats on the mountains, has no place in North Italy, for here you get at close grips with primitive conditions. From Aosta you may set off to-day with no array of bags and trunks. They spell suspicion, somehow, in these times. Even a change of linen and socks is a luxury in normal conditions. Probably in no other region in Europe, even in war-time, are conditions more in direct antithesis with ostentation and luxury. Long distances must be negotiated in carriers' carts and bullock-wagons, and hotels for the most part exist on sixteenth-century traditions. In such parts, in these days of stress, the most fastidious Briton acts the vagabond from very choice.

Here I will relate to you a pretty adventure of my own. It happened at Valsavaranche, during our trip. Overnight we had slept at the Hotel du Club Alpin. It is still open, though chiefly as a rendezvous for the officers of the Alpine regiments. We wished to get back to Cogne over the Col de l'Herbetet (ten thousand eight hundred and thirty feet), but the landlord shook his head when we wished for information concerning this route.

"It's a rough journey," quoth he. "The track is nigh impassable. Snow fell heavily last night. You must employ a guide."

At Valsavaranche there are two professional guides, M. Blanc and M. Dayné. M. Blanc's name suggested a son of the mountains, and him we chose.

Trooping into his tiny parlour, we asked about time and opportunity for this journey. Rather ruefully the guide surveyed us. In the nest of wrinkles wherein twinkled his tiny grey eyes, doubt found expression.

"Climbing is my trade," said he at last. "Blanc is my name. One does not wish to labour in vain."

We looked at one another. I smiled. Donald grinned broadly. Burdett, my fellow-scribe, chuckled; then we all laughed loudly. For no more ragged-looking, poverty-stricken crew had ever penetrated into the good mountaineer's hut. M. Blanc evidently had his own suspicions concerning our ability to pay his just and legal demands.

Two minutes later three sovereigns glinted in his palm. He would start that moment, he vowed; he was our faithful and loyal henchman; he would conduct us over safe paths through dale and up hill to the end of our journey. I cite this tiny incident gladly; in the Italian Alps clothes make the man only when they are baggy and amply strong for surmounting the peaks in comfort.

I myself am no troglodyte. I love what simple luxuries my means will afford. Yet I would cheerfully barter away my dreams of noble banquets, my reveries of wild revelry in Valhalla, for the wide plains of Lombardy, for the tall summits that wall its groves of orange-blossom and vines, for the monstrous appetite that demands no sauce and spice to pamper it, for the rough and primitive life. The Italian Alps are no place for the delicately nurtured. Probably the pedant will argue my right to dignify the Graian range as the Italian Alps. Yet the district is important enough; it counts the highest mountains in Italy among its peaks. Lying athwart the vast Pennine range and the Dauphiny Alps, the Graians possess the charm of both, with a good deal of their own rough fascination. If you take an atlas and place a finger on the group, you will perceive they occupy a delightfully inaccessible gap on the frontier. No railway is within reach, no hotels of dignity; there is no bridge and no golf. Yet even this list does not exhaust their primitive charms. Imagine the joy of "skipping" the morning tub and rushing down to the stream behind the inn instead, with merely a blanket girding your loins! You may rise at daybreak or at noon, as the mood takes you; you can join a merry party of peasants at cards, or roar hoarse choruses of song with them. At all

unreal. Yet I have nothing to say against Pralogan. I knew it once as a most charmingly stage-managed resort, with all the comforts and all the wealth of scenery after which your æsthetic soul might yearn. It is altered to-day—the Censor would forbid me to tell you how much. It is, too, a powerfully bad way, nowadays, by which to reach the Alps of Italy. Aosta should be your rail-head, and Cogne your base of operations from the outset. Incidentally, however, we tarried awhile to climb the Grand Casse, nearly thirteen thousand

times and at all seasons, in fact, you can do exactly as you like. The most wondrous scenery in Europe is there to charm your eyes; simple, unspoiled peasantry give you pleasant greetings; the very wind itself, bursting down the hillsides, brings rude health and the full savour of life into your existence.

My companions allowed me to follow my own counsels in our manner of invading the district. Yet for all my study of the map and of the different railway facilities, it proved a mistaken plan of campaign. Both Burdett and Donald, however, were real trumps; not even a silent reproach did I garner. Before the war I had read somewhere that it was possible to dine in Paris, lunch the next day at Pralogan, and finish the last stage by motor-car. But that time-table, like everything else antedating the war, is now hopelessly

The village of Cogne—a favourite climbing centre—and the Punta de Pousset.
Photo. by Donald McLeish.

feet high. Incidentally, also, we saw some very fine regiments of Italian mountain infantry and light artillery. The Grand Casse is no peak for the climber. The long snow-walks prove dull and wearisome at the best, and the snow *arrête*, for all its step-cutting, is not long enough or difficult enough to warrant your labour.

Overnight we slept at the Félix Faure Refuge, and it was thither we returned a couple of days later to make our onslaught into Italy. Bénin, the guide, and one carrier transported more physical comforts than were required to the refuge, where they left us. For we meant to have a right merry *concert à trois* on the peak. Next day certain peasants and herdsmen a mile beneath told of wild song and orgy, of a great gathering of devils, or Germans, or both, and of their own supernatural fear in consequence. By which you may judge that the *concert à trois* was a roaring success.

Guardians of the Franco-Italian frontier—Some of the famous Chasseurs-Alpins of Fraoce.
Photo. by Donald McLeish.

Easily enough we reached the Valley of the Leisse; but the Col of the same name was not so smoothly accomplished. Somewhere we must have blundered. At the end of an extremely hard day, with shadows of disappointment on our faces, we dropped anchor at the village of Val d'Isère. Someone had said it was four hours from our starting-point, but the journey took us a whole day to negotiate. Not one of us regretted the experience, however, for we found very comfortable quarters at the Hotel Morris, where we learned that Mr. McMorris, the proprietor, claims descent from the clan of that name. Undoubtedly there are people in the village of Scotch extraction. The tale is current of a poor broken-down fellow, tramping from Pont, knocking at the door of a leading inhabitant.

"I'm starving," said he. "Would you please give me a few sous for a bed?"

"*Fort bien*," responded this ancient wearer of the tartan. "Bring it in."

The joke is not nearly so racy as would appear at first sight. Probably the good gentleman of the house thought his interlocutor one of the carrier-guides who are employed to carry blankets and straw palliasses up the peaks for the climbers.

Before sunrise the following day we were making our way up the mule-track towards the glaciers that form the source of the Isère. Somewhere about three in the afternoon we sat

down to our first set meal—cold chicken and ham, hot tea, and mulled wine. We were then sheer on the frontier line of Italy, on the Col de la Galise. Here it was that Donald had his great adventure with the camera. He had attempted to clamber up the rocky peak surmounting the pass to picture the fine panorama of mountain and cloud effect. At eleven thousand feet, when almost upon the topmost ridge, the camera slipped from his grasp and glissaded down an ice-slope. With despair depicted on every feature Donald toiled down after it. It was his child, his most cherished possession. Laboriously he had set each piece of wood together; it was utterly and entirely part of his own being. Yet his anxiety was all in vain; there was no harm done. A few minutes afterwards he was joyfully trimming the lens for further conquests in hunting down picturesque shadows.

Thence into Italy the way led down a deep gully filled to an uncomfortable degree with rough stones and boulders. Following the Grand Colouret comes the Petit Colouret, providing its own small avalanche of crumbling rock and *débris*, though offering, perhaps, somewhat less excitement than its big neighbour. Then come green sward and goats and chalets, and you are at Cercsole. We rested here for some time, for we were all rather tired of finding our way by map and compass. There is nothing like having a good guide over the passes. If you have plenty of time and are proof against irritation at having to retrace your steps when mistakes are made along the mule-tracks and mountain-paths, then by all means try travelling without guides. But to men of limited time and of still more limited patience, as were our own party, guides are as indispensable a part of your outfit as coloured glasses and nailed boots.

We reached Pont somehow, about two days late on our programme. In spite of our exasperation, however, the wondrous skies and the novel scenes served to put us in remarkably good spirits. Pont, by the way, boasts an excellent inn. The village is somewhere about six thousand feet above the sea, and legend says it is the highest village in all the Alps. Our voyage of discovery around Pont gave us immense satisfaction. The steep crag looking down into the Val Savaranche gave us one of the best view-points possible. Pont lay below us, a tiny cluster of huts, around which midget men, like ants, went about their business. Before us was a huge ridge, one end of which was the Grivola, bolder and more fierce than the Matterhorn; at the other end, massed and towering in high, graceful summits, was the Grand Paradis. This peak is the highest in Italy, and it was to reach its summit that we had come to Pont.

There are four beds for travellers at the inn at Pont. Of these we occupied three. The cooking we found quite good, if one excepts a certain monotony in the choice of viands. Meat is scarce in these high places, although herds of ibex roam the valleys, and goats outnumber the population by many scores. Unless you are careful in your selection of an inn beforehand, omelettes and rice and vermicelli will be your lot. Perhaps, in fairness to the villagers, one should explain that the herds of horned game wandering on the mountains are Royal preserves for the most part, being consecrated to the guns of the King of Italy and his guests.

After our journey we spent a whole day resting at Pont. Then we began looking around for suitable guides for the expedition we had before us. From experience I can say that Pont is certainly the most convenient centre from which to tackle this giant of Italy's Alps; from Cogne, on the other side, too much continuous labour is involved for a really pleasurable trip. You must spend a night in a doorless hovel known as the Châlet de l'Herbetet; it means crossing the dangerous Glacier de la Tribulacion, more step-cutting than is consistent with keen enjoyment for impatient travellers, and climbing a "face" that is riven with avalanches. I have tried both routes, and readily give the palm to the ascent from the village of Pont.

Our plan was to cross *viâ* the Victor Emmanuele hut, then on to the hovels at l'Herbetet, and thence drop into Cogne. By ten o'clock we had reached the former, built by the Alpine Club of Italy above the Moncorvé Alp, and halted for lunch. This proved a most unconventional meal. Our carrier, a careless wight, had let the provision basket fall *en route*. A bottle of red wine had been broken and our ham sandwiches and doughty slabs of cake had become permeated with the liquid. That meal I cannot commend, and our halt was not of long duration.

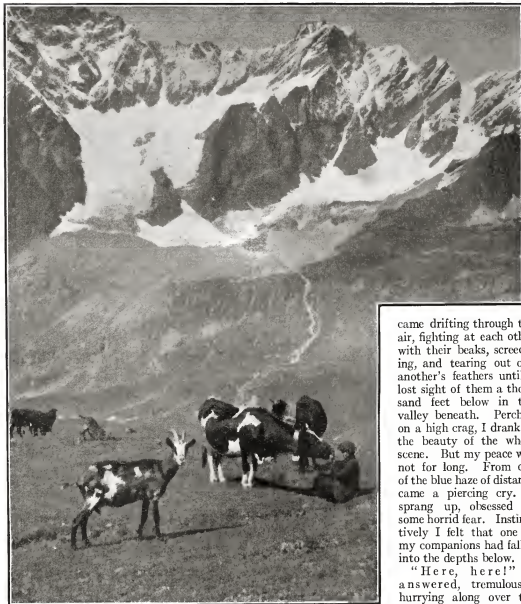
The Moncorvé Glacier (about twelve thousand feet) had now to be negotiated, and this feat occupied us until long past midday. Thence to the summit-slopes the route proved fairly easy. Then came hard collar-work, with the snow in excessively bad condition, demanding the rope and a very fatiguing scramble to the topmost pinnacle. Yet what a feast for the eye awaited us! Probably no other peak in Europe offers such rich reward. All the peaks of the Dauphiny greet you, with Mont Blanc, the Dente Blanche, the Matterhorn, Mont Viso, and the Grand Combin showing up grandly.

The descent proved none too easy. Mists began to creep up the sides of the mountain like white wraiths. Snow was pattering down softly, seeming to make the silence even more intense.

In the Forest of Breuil—The Matterhorn is seen above the trees.
Photo by Donald McLeish.

At last we came to a narrow snow-bridge. Dayné, the leading guide, went first. Safely over, he pinned his rope to a jutting crag, and all but the last man, Burdett, passed in safety. He somehow trod more heavily on the lightest part than occasion demanded, felt his foot slipping through the crumbling ice, lost his presence of mind, made a blind rush to gain solid ice—and disappeared altogether for the space of two minutes. Of course, he was safely hauled to the surface, with no more than a bad fright for his pains, but it was a singularly unfortunate circumstance. The passing of skilful climbers over a snow-bridge leaves the structure even more solid than before, but if the next party cursed our lack of care afterwards, we never knew. Soon our hands were pretty full of trouble. A violent storm was raging beneath us, and it was impossible to reach Cogne that night. We therefore decided to make the best of our way around the mountain, back to our starting-place. When we finally crept into Pont, midnight had already struck, yet there were coffee and roast and baked meats awaiting us. That remarkable man, the innkeeper, vowed he had felt a premonition we should be compelled to return, and against this he had prepared a groaning board of viands. General rejoicings ensued, and far into daylight we sat, gossiping, singing merry roundelays, and sipping a wondrous brew of hot milk punch.

From Pont we made our way into Aosta for letters, tobacco, and other comforts of civilization. Thence we had decided to make a forced march to the pastures of Breuil for the Dent d'Herens. Yet, much though we had heard the peak extolled, our plans could not be made to fit conveniently with its conquest. We found exceedingly comfortable quarters at the omnibus office at Aosta, in the



Goats and cattle on the mountain pastures.
Photo. by Donald McLeish.

came drifting through the air, fighting at each other with their beaks, screeching, and tearing out one another's feathers until I lost sight of them a thousand feet below in the valley beneath. Perched on a high crag, I drank in the beauty of the whole scene. But my peace was not for long. From out of the blue haze of distance came a piercing cry. I sprang up, obsessed by some horrid fear. Instinctively I felt that one of my companions had fallen into the depths below.

"Here, here!" I answered, tremulously, hurrying along over the rough track. Then came the sound of my own name once again. I answered, standing still that I might lose no syllable of the reply.

"That blessed woman never put any mustard in our sandwiches, old chap," wailed a familiar voice. "They've no taste without."

Only the poet can know the full sordidness of the world on such an occasion. Nevertheless, those sandwiches, even "without," had the richest of flavour, for my own were sliced cunningly with layers of sausage and garlic.

We rumbled into Cogne an hour later like the

market-place. Three francs each they charged us for a room apiece and plenty of good, plain food.

From here we made our way down the Valley of Cogne to De Laval, where we caught our first wondrous glimpse of the mountains of Cogne—crimson and purple and violet and rose. Never do I recollect such a wealth of colour and glory as hung over that still mountain-path. My companions had outdistanced me by some minutes; I seemed alone in the solitudes. To render the scene even more majestic, two eagles

murmur of a thunderstorm. Joyous hunting songs we hurled down the valleys, sweet old ballads were rendered with full pathos, and we sang rollicking sailor songs and danced in sheer joy of existence to the refrain. Dancing, and full of mad zest, our heads and our sides aching with laughter, we went as far as the Grand Eyvie in this wise, until Cogne lay full before us. Then, like grave Britons with ten centuries of "respectability" to maintain, we buttoned our coats and walked sedately into the hotel. But, meanwhile, our cries and our mad boyish pranks had brought the whole of the population to their doors, thinking the gates of the local Bedlam had been forced, or that they were about to be invaded by a legion of evil spirits. The three grave seigneurs advancing towards them down the sheep-track, of course, could not possibly be the cause of the turmoil. And to further allay suspicion we, too, followed the direction of their glances by turning curiously towards the spot where the Valnotey was brawling down the mountain-side.

Photo by] The highest peak of the Italian Alps, the Grand Paradis.

Our second day at Cogne saw us at the summit of the Punta del Pousset. About ten thousand feet does this peak measure, and wondrous easy of execution is its conquest. Past Cretaz into Valnotey you go, through woods of sweet-smelling pine, and up slippery grass-slopes until finally you reach the Pousset Dessus. All this is child's play. Mules will carry you from Cogne to this point for ten shillings, including a guide to lead the beast. Brawn and muscle, however, still have their place in the world, for what a climb is this next thousand feet! Over giddy crags it takes you, sometimes knee-deep in soft snow, sometimes sliding on treacherous ice-slopes. Ever ascending, panting, breathless, straining, fighting every inch of the ground, at last you revel in the keen wind of the summit. Over the rocky crest the Grivola spreads out in austere loveliness. There you see the Graians strung

showing the great Glacier de la Tribulacion. [*Donald McLeish.*

to aid us up the rough sides of the Grivola. For a great part of the way the route was almost that which we had followed for the Punta del Pousset. The turning-point comes at some distance from the Cascade Diablo, when, veering to the right, you clamber over the Glacier du Trajo, and finally got right ahead thence to the precipices around the summit. The scramble over those last fortifications of the mountain is essentially a climb for adepts, demanding the surefootedness of a goat, the endurance of a horse, the patience of a mule. Over thirteen thousand feet is the height of the Grivola; yet Mont Blanc, with another four thousand feet of altitude, is far easier of attainment. When we had rested a few minutes on the summit, full of joy at our victory after eight hours of hard work, we discovered a wind-hollowed cavern of ice some feet below the highest point. Into its cool recesses we dived, happy to be away from the piercing rays of the sun. When we had eaten, we plied our two guides with the flask and bade them sing. None of us understood one word of what they chanted; but the tunes were virile and possessed a magic "go." Then, with our spirit-stove, we made some tea, and for some time sat cracking jokes and telling merry stories. More songs, the flasks at last emptied, then out again into the blazing sunlight. By all the rules of moun-

out in long chains and the Pennines jutting their domes and pinnacles towards the clouds. But the Grivola holds your full attention. Paradiso is supreme in its beauty, Mont Blanc in its massive bulk. The Matterhorn in its boldness calls forth your admiration, but the Grivola beats them all for very fierceness, for wild, rugged charm.

Two days later Louis Jeantet and Josef Jeantet were before our hotel at three in the morning. They were the professional guides of the place, engaged by us the evening before

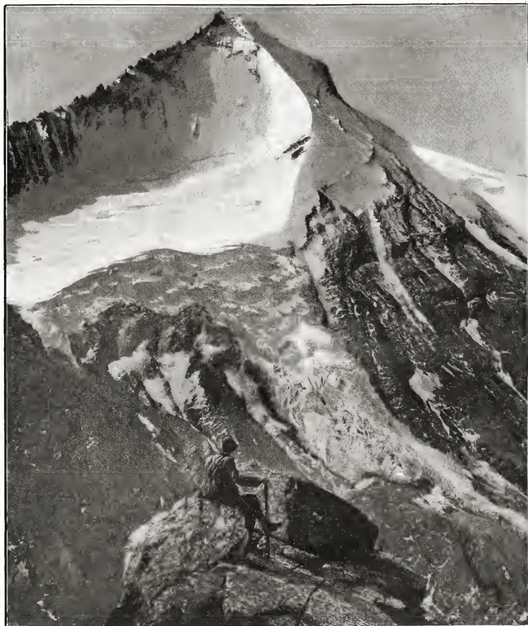


Photo. by] **The Grivola from the north.** [*Donald McLeish.*

taineering we should have spared our energies as much as possible on the summit of such a peak. But we paid in full afterwards for our pleasure—one always does. Yet it was entirely our own fault, for the guides had warned us that lengthy rest on a climbing trip cramps the limbs and saps one's energies. I'm quite sure that no more crippled-looking climbers ever descended into Valsavaranche. Guides of many nationalities had warned me of the folly of long rests, and for the first time I proved the truth of their statements. Yet of our climb naught remains in my memory of the knots of tired muscles, of the agony of steep descents, with ankles puffed and swollen, of the dead fatigue, of forcing limbs to action when energies were more than spent. Naught remains of all these things, I say; all I remember is our merry concert in the cave. And so ended our war-time wanderings in the Italian Alps.

A FIGHT FOR LIFE IN MID-AIR.

By
ERNEST OUTHWAITE,
of Leeds.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. E. JACKSON.

Since the advent of the military aeroplane, there have been many thrilling fights high above the earth, but peaceful industry sometimes affords instances of struggles no less heroic. Here is the story of a thrilling rescue that took place last December on a great chimney-shaft high above the electric power works of the Leeds Corporation.

CRY—a groan—a crash!

The workmen at the foot of the great chimney at the Whitehall Road electric power works, Leeds, sprang to one side and looked hastily skywards as a big hammer came hurtling through the open iron-girdered roof of the old boiler-house into the *débris* of broken metal-work and masonry that lay around the foot of the chimney.

Two hundred feet above the ground, against the blue sky of a clear but bitterly cold December day, soared the great square column of the chimney that was shortly to be demolished. Its massive head, overhanging the face of the chimney itself by several feet, was crowned with a cornice of huge stones, each one of which weighed over a ton. Three men were working high up above, on the face of the chimney, and as the hammer came crashing to the ground the workers at the base instinctively looked aloft, for the cry they heard was a sudden yell of warning, while the groan that followed sounded like the last inarticulate exclamation from the throat of a man who had received a death-blow that had knocked the breath from his body. The hammer, crashing to the ground an instant later, told its own terrible story. There was trouble up aloft.

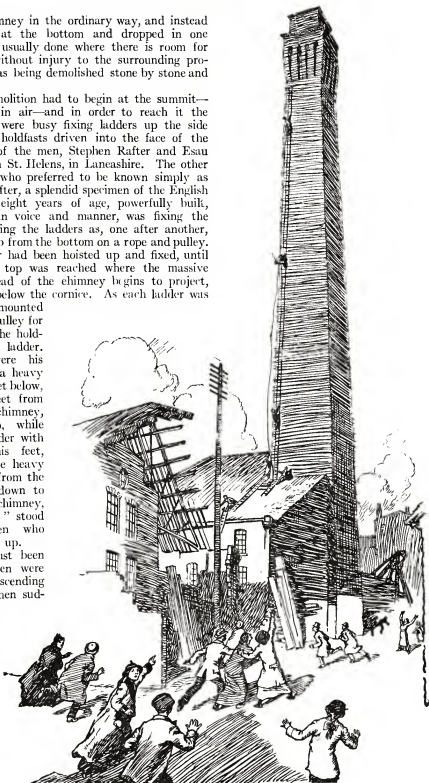
The chimney on which Esau Mayall was working when he met with the terrible experience here related.

Three men, as already stated, were working on the chimney. The Leeds Corporation authorities are extending their electric power works, and the chimney was to be demolished brick by brick to make room for a new engine-house, the smoke-shaft for which was to be erected some distance away. Owing to the congested nature of the buildings in the vicinity, it was impossible

to fell the old chimney in the ordinary way, and instead of being undercut at the bottom and dropped in one solid column, as is usually done where there is room for a chimney to fall without injury to the surrounding property, this shaft was being demolished stone by stone and brick by brick.

The work of demolition had to begin at the summit—two hundred feet in air—and in order to reach it the three steeplejacks were busy fixing ladders up the side by means of iron holdfasts driven into the face of the brickwork. Two of the men, Stephen Rafter and Esau Mayall, hailed from St. Helens, in Lancashire. The other was a Leeds man who preferred to be known simply as "Uncle Sam." Rafter, a splendid specimen of the English workman, twenty-eight years of age, powerfully built, clear-eyed, quiet in voice and manner, was fixing the holdfasts and lashing the ladders as, one after another, they were hauled up from the bottom on a rope and pulley. Ladder after ladder had been hoisted up and fixed, until the point near the top was reached where the massive masonry at the head of the chimney begins to project, some twenty feet below the cornice. As each ladder was made secure Rafter mounted higher, fixing the pulley for the next lift and the holdfasts for the next ladder. In his pockets were his chisels, in his belt a heavy hammer. Eighty feet below, and a hundred feet from the bottom of the chimney, was Mayall, who, while clinging to the ladder with one hand and his feet, helped to work the heavy rope that dangled from the pulley far above down to the bottom of the chimney, where "Uncle Sam" stood directing the men who hauled the ladders up.

A ladder had just been fixed, and the men were easing off the descending end of the rope, when suddenly the line caught the heavy hammer in Rafter's belt and pulled it out. Rafter made a



"There he hung in mid-air, one leg twisted round a frail ladder, and his body upside down."

clutch for the hammer, and nearly jerked himself off the ladder in doing so, but too late. He cried out to warn the man below, but the hammer fell almost as fast as the sound travelled. Instinctively Mayall ducked his head and twisted one leg round a rung of the ladder; then, with a sickening thud, the hammer struck him a terrible blow on the back of the head, crushing in the back of his skull, and with an awful groan he collapsed.

As the men in the works below and the passers-by in the street looked up they were horrified to see Mayall suddenly throw up his arms and fall backwards. There he hung in mid-air, one leg twisted round a frail ladder, his body upside down, and blood streaming from his head. Death seemed inevitable, for that twisted leg could not hold the weight of his body very long, and if he slipped the fall of a hundred feet meant certain death; while, even if his leg held out, he must speedily bleed to death from the ghastly wound in his head. Luckily, the instinctive twisting of his leg round the ladder gave Mayall his one hope of rescue, for the work of fixing the ladders had been well done, and that particular ladder held firm even under the sudden wrench when the unconscious man fell outwards and hung head downwards in the air.

An instant later the onlookers were thrilled to witness the start of one of the bravest deeds in the annals of the steeplejack's profession.

A single glance below was enough to show Rafter what had happened; a single glance aloft told "Uncle Sam" the same tale. Four steps at a time, sometimes slipping by his hands and sometimes seeming almost to drop a few feet down the sheer face of the chimney, Rafter rushed down to where his unconscious comrade hung, while at the same time "Uncle Sam" hurried up towards him from below.

"How long did it take me to reach him?" said Rafter afterwards. "Well, I should say about four hours. I never came down a ladder so fast in my life, and by the clock I suppose it would be a few seconds, but to me it seemed hours before I reached him and got hold of him."

Seizing hold of the unconscious Mayall with one hand, Rafter held on to prevent him slipping until "Uncle Sam" had climbed up from below. When the unconscious man was reached, however, the real difficulty only began. How was he to be lifted upright, and how was his leg to be untwisted from the ladder, a hundred feet in the air, by men who must themselves cling on somewhere to the slender rungs? Here was the problem that must be solved, and solved quickly, for Mayall was rapidly bleeding to death. Moreover, under the strain of his weight his leg was untwisting, and at any moment he might slip and crash to the bottom of the shaft, taking his companions with him. The difficulty was great and urgent.

Clinging to the ladder with both hands, "Uncle Sam" got his head under the shoulders of the unconscious man and slowly pressed him upwards, while Rafter, clinging to the ladder with one hand, strained every muscle to lift. In the works below men got a great tarpaulin, and a dozen pairs of hands stretched it tight, ready to catch those above in the fall that seemed inevitable. But the men on the ladder held on, and slowly, inch by inch, they pressed Mayall upwards until he was once more in an upright position. Then, with desperate tenacity, Rafter held him close to the ladder while "Uncle Sam" descended for a rope. From the iron girders of the half-demolished shed a rope was passed up to him, and with this he hurried up the ladder once more. Then Sam, stretching his arms completely round the unconscious Mayall and grasping both sides of the ladder, held him fast while Rafter, with the aid of his teeth and one hand, slipped the line round Mayall's body and fastened it with a reef-knot. The rest of the rope he passed across his own shoulder and under his arm, managing again, with the aid of his teeth, to fix it there with another knot.

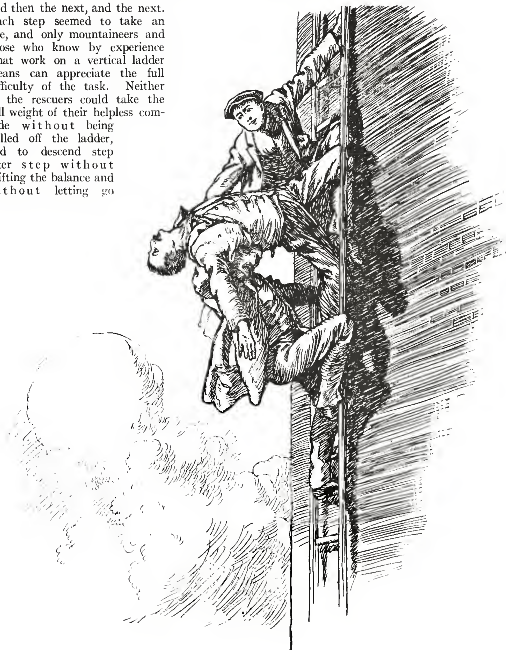
Then began the struggle to lift the dead weight of Mayall's body so as to release his leg. With veins standing out like whipcord and every muscle strained to its utmost, the two men lifted, Rafter on the rung above with the rope round his shoulders, and "Uncle Sam," standing below the unconscious man, using his head as a lever while he clung to the ladder with both hands.

At length the desperate efforts of the two men began to tell, and slowly Mayall's inert body was raised, little by little, until at last it swung clear of the ladder and hung, a hundred feet in air, suspended merely by the rope round one man's neck and resting on the neck and head of another man. It was a situation full of peril.

By this time a great crowd had gathered in the road outside the works, and from the Great Northern Railway Hotel close by, as well as from the windows of offices, factories, and workshops, anxious faces watched the struggle for the unconscious man's life. A great sigh of relief went up as Mayall's body swung clear. The first phase of the struggle was over, but it left Rafter and his companion with sweat pouring down their faces and muscles trembling from the strain. It was all they could do to cling to the ladder, gasping for breath meanwhile.

A moment's pause to recover their strength, and the men moved again, lowering Mayall's body carefully until the next rung was reached,

and then the next, and the next. Each step seemed to take an age, and only mountaineers and those who know by experience what work on a vertical ladder means can appreciate the full difficulty of the task. Neither of the rescuers could take the full weight of their helpless comrade without being pulled off the ladder, and to descend step after step without shifting the balance and without letting go



"Slowly, inch by inch, they pressed Mayall upwards.

required strength and endurance beyond the normal.

Ten steps were negotiated in this way, and then for a moment the men paused to get their breath again. Refreshed, they essayed ten more and another rest, and so on. Ten steps at a time they descended, lowering the still unconscious Mayall until, after what seemed to the onlookers an age of waiting, the girder roof of the building below was reached and a mighty cheer went up

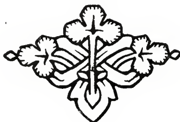
as a dozen eager hands were stretched out to receive the brave men and their injured comrade. Even this, however, required care, for the roof was thirty feet above ground, and a single slip or false step might mean a bad accident. Carefully Mayall's body was taken in hand and lowered to the men who were still holding the tarpaulin below. Willing hands then grasped Rafter and " Uncle Sam," who, when the strain was over, felt the reaction and exhaustion which follow a supreme effort. For a moment or two they reeled, exhausted, against the chimney, but they were powerful men, and after a brief rest they were able to descend to the ground, where they at once became the centre of an eager group of workmen and works officials, who warmly congratulated them on their courage and endurance. Meanwhile, the ambulance speedily conveyed Mayall to the General Infirmary.

" Afraid ? " said Rafter, answering a question, when it was all over. " No, I wasn't exactly afraid ; but you see it isn't easy to tie a knot with your teeth, and I wasn't sure it might not slip and let him fall.

" I wasn't afraid for myself. It is the nastiest accident I've been in, and the worst part was lifting him up to get his leg out. I suppose people would call the work dangerous, but it all depends what you're used to. I've been at it ever since I left school, and it's no more dangerous than other things. It's just as easy to fix the last ladder as the first ; the height doesn't matter. It's just the same whether you're working a yard above the ground or two hundred feet."

Stephen Rafter and " Uncle Sam," who, working at a dizzy height, pluckily rescued their comrade from a terrible death.

Replying to a suggestion that the consequences of an accident might be somewhat different at the greater height, Rafter answered, with his quiet voice and slow, amused smile, " Perhaps so; but I've never had whaty ou might call an accident."



The Adventures of Howard Blackburn.

By the Right Hon. SIR EDWARD MORRIS, P.C., Prime Minister of Newfoundland.

ILLUSTRATED BY N. SOTHEBY PITCHER.

Some men are born to perils; others go out in search of them. Howard Blackburn belongs to the latter category. After a terrible experience on the fishing grounds, where he drove before a storm, five days and nights without food, with the dead body of his mate for company, and his hands frozen round the oars, this remarkable man deliberately embarked on a series of transatlantic voyages in tiny cockleshells—recklessly tempting death, as it seemed to more cautious folk. Sir Edward Morris tells the amazing story of Blackburn's first escape and his subsequent adventures.

IT is just twenty-five years since I first visited Little River, twenty-one miles east of Burgeo, on the south coast of Newfoundland. On the evening of my second day there, returning from a fishing excursion, I heard from my guide the astounding story of Howard Blackburn and his marvellous escape from death.

In 1914, when at Burgeo, I went over the incident again with my friend, Magistrate Small, from whom I obtained further particulars. The story aptly illustrates the time-worn adage that "truth is stranger than fiction." A three-volume novel might be written from the facts which make up the narrative—the tragedy of the cruel sea, the romance of quiet lives, and the heroism of those who go down to the sea in ships. At the present time I shall have to content myself with the barest outline.

With flags flying, in good trim, with fresh bait, iced down, and everything promising for a successful halibut voyage, the schooner *Grace L. Fears* sailed out of Gloucester Harbour, bound for the Burgeo Banks. After fishing there for three weeks, with fair success, the crew, on the morning of January 25th, 1883, left the schooner's side in eight dories, shortly after dawn, to overhaul their trawls. The position of the vessel was at that time about thirty miles from the Newfoundland coast.

In one of the dories was Howard Blackburn, by birth a Nova Scotian from Port Medway, but then a citizen of the United States, and Thomas Welch, a native of Newfoundland. The weather was not stormy, but it had been threatening snow. The two men had only been a short while away from the vessel when the wind started to blow and the snow fell thicker and thicker. The hauling of the trawls half-filled the dory with halibut, and the boat continued to ride with safety the sea which the freshening breeze had raised. As the day wore on the wind veered from south-east to north-west. The effect of this was to alter the fishermen's position with regard to their vessel, placing them to leeward. On realizing this both men started to pull towards the schooner, but owing to the strong wind and the buffeting waves they were ultimately forced to anchor.

Shortly after dark the weather cleared, and they could discern the schooner's riding-light, as well as the flare-up which their shipmates maintained on board to indicate their whereabouts. On seeing their ship, Blackburn and Welch pulled up their anchor and put all their energies into an effort to reach her, but owing to the wind, which by this time had increased to almost a gale, no headway could be made. An attempt was then made to anchor again, but they had evidently drifted over the shoal ground and were now in deep water, and could get no anchorage. Accordingly their dory drifted helplessly away to leeward. Their first night was spent in the open boat, with the weather bitterly cold and a piercing wind. They had no food or water, and both men were occupied pretty well the whole time in keeping the dory free of water. At that season of the year there is not much daylight before seven o'clock, and dawn brought them no sight of their ship.

Giving up all hope of reaching the schooner, the two men set to work to lighten their boat by throwing overboard their trawls and fish; then, with their oars, they helped their frail craft to drift towards the land. The wind increasing towards noon, it was not deemed safe to continue running before the heavy sea, and

"They could discern the schooner's riding-light, as well as the flare-up which their shipmates maintained on board to indicate their whereabouts."

accordingly they " hove to " with an improvised drag, made by attaching a trawl-keg to a small winch. Whilst rigging up this drag or sea-anchor Blackburn had the misfortune to lose his mittens overboard—a mishap which largely increased his after-sufferings. Shortly afterwards both his hands became frozen. On realizing this he saw that there was nothing left for him but to grasp the oars, so that his hands might freeze around them. With them set stiff in that position, when he required to row all he would have to do would be to slip his hands over the oars.

During the whole of that day and the following night the boat lay to the drag, rising and falling on the heavy seas, while the two men continually bailed out the water that drove on board. At five o'clock the following morning poor Welch succumbed to the terrible cold, hunger, and exposure, and quietly lay back and died. The

"Blackburn's time was fully occupied in bailing the boat."

weather conditions that day were much the same, Blackburn's time being fully occupied in bailing the boat as best he could with his frozen hands. Another night passed and another day dawned, and rowing all that day he again anchored with his drag for the night.

Early the next morning, resuming rowing, he saw the first sign of land. Pulling on all that day until the night, the solitary castaway again threw out his drag, and on the following day—Sunday—reached the mouth of Little River, just inside the headlands, where he saw a house. The house was unoccupied, but served as a welcome shelter for Blackburn. He had the misfortune, however, to get his dory stove-in against the landing-stage during the night. In order to repair her next morning he had to lift Welch's body out, and as the exhausted man endeavoured to get the corpse up the stage-head it fell into twelve feet of water.

Having repaired the dory Blackburn headed her west, and after a few hours' rowing up the

Howard Blackburn, who was adrift in a storm for five days and nights, without food, in a small boat thirty miles off the Newfoundland coast.

river was gladdened by the sight of the people who lived there. Notwithstanding his terrible condition — he had been practically without food, except for portions of the frozen raw halibut, for five days and five nights, and had struggled on with hands and feet frozen — this lion-hearted man refused any assistance for himself until the men went and recovered the body of his unfortunate dory-mate.

Within a few minutes after landing Blackburn was comfortably housed in the home of one Francis Lishman, where cod-oil and flour, the local remedy, were applied to draw the frost from his feet and hands. In this process he must have suffered excruciating pain. There was no doctor available nearer than Burgeo. The frozen fingers and thumbs of both his hands had been *worn away* in the work of rowing, and during the days that followed gangrene set in, nothing being left in the end except two stumps. The heel and three toes of the right foot were also completely destroyed, as well as some of the toes of the left foot.

On May 3rd Blackburn left Burgeo, where he had gone a few days earlier for medical treatment, and proceeded to Gloucester. The body of Welch, which had been brought to Burgeo at the same time, was buried in the Church of England cemetery. The people of Gloucester subscribed five hundred dollars for Blackburn, and started him in business. It must be recorded to his credit that, having once established himself, he returned the whole amount, unsought, to the citizens, and it was transferred to the Fishermen's Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

If my tale were to stop here it would be remarkable enough, as illustrating the powers of human endurance; but this terrible experience would seem to have been only the beginning of the venturesome career of this most wonderful man.

One would think that, after having been in such deadly peril, escaping almost by a miracle, Blackburn, in his maimed condition, would have been content to live at home in quiet and comfort for the rest of his life. But, no; his escape seems only to have fired him with a desire for further adventure.

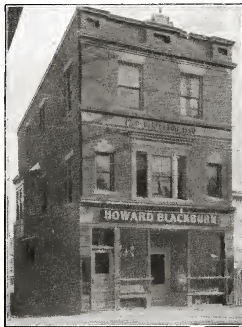
In 1889, in a small thirty-foot sloop called the *Great Western*, he crossed the Atlantic Ocean alone, sailing from Gloucester, Mass., on June 17th, and arriving in Gloucester, England, on August 18th, after a voyage of sixty-two days.

On October 18th, 1897, in company with some friends, he sailed for the Klondike in the schooner *Hattie J. Phillips*.

In June, 1901, he again crossed the Atlantic alone in the twenty-five-foot sloop *Great Republic*, having left Gloucester, Mass., on June 9th, arriving at Lisbon, Portugal, on July 18th—just thirty-nine days.

In 1903 he made an unsuccessful attempt to again cross the Atlantic in the seventeen-foot dory *America*, sailing from Gloucester, Mass., on June 17th. On Sunday, July 5th, when a hundred and sixty miles south-east of Cape Canso, Nova Scotia, his little craft was stove in by a heavy sea, and he abandoned the voyage, was picked up, and returned to Sydney, Cape Breton.

Blackburn has now settled down in Gloucester, Mass., where he runs a tobacco store at 289. Main Street.

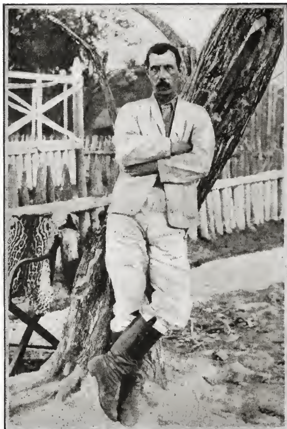


Howard Blackburn's house in Gloucester, Mass., where he now runs a tobacco store.

"Grubb of Gran Chaco."

A MISSIONARY'S ADVENTURES IN AN UNKNOWN LAND.

By JOSEPH HEIGHTON.



Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb.

Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb, the subject of this article, went to the Paraguayan Chaco twenty-five years ago, when the region was utterly unknown, inhabited only by fierce tribes of treacherous savages who were reputed to be addicted to cannibalism. Everyone said it was equivalent to suicide to go there, but Mr. Grubb went, alone and unarmed. This narrative sets forth some of the exciting experiences that befell this plucky pioneer in a land where practically every man's hand was against him.

"IT is tantamount to committing suicide." That was what Government officials, explorers, settlers, traders, and others in Paraguay told Mr. W. Barbrooke Grubb, twenty-five years ago, when he announced his intention of penetrating into the unknown regions of the Gran Chaco alone, and living among the aboriginals. The Right Rev. W. H. Stirling, first Bishop of the Falkland Isles, wished to develop the work of the South American Missionary Society there, and Mr. Grubb answered the call.

He was only twenty-three at the time, but no one realized more than himself the great dangers of the enterprise. To-day, however, he is alive and well, pursuing his work with the gratification of knowing that he has overcome perils and obstacles sufficient to daunt the bravest of explorers.

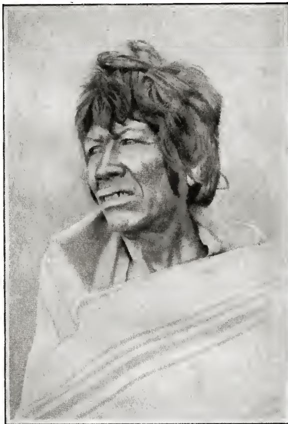
So prevalent was the opinion, however, that he would inevitably lose his life that on three occasions, owing to his prolonged absence, and to reports from river Indians, the rumour of his death was readily accepted. Once it was only by making a forced voyage all night in a canoe that he was able to prevent an official announcement of his decease being sent home by the British Consul at Asuncion.

Before Mr. Grubb's time no white man had been allowed to reside among the Lengua tribes of the Chaco region, which is situated in the heart

of South America, thirteen hundred miles from Buenos Aires by way of the River Plate. It extends along the river bank for some fourteen hundred miles and westward for about two hundred miles—an area as large as Great Britain.

At various intervals travellers had sought to penetrate the country, and Paraguayan soldiers had also endeavoured to explore it, but of those who had entered none had been allowed to remain. Many were murdered by the natives; some fled, escaping only with great difficulty.

The attitude of the Lenguas towards white men in those early days is illustrated by the tragedy of a strange foreigner, evidently a straggler from some exploring party, who arrived one night at an Indian village. He was exhausted and hungry, his clothes were in tatters, and, approaching cautiously, he sat down by one of the fires. The Indians spoke to him, but as he did not understand their language, they could make nothing of him. They conferred among themselves, and concluded that the stranger could have no good purpose there, and might probably, if spared, show an attacking party of foreigners the way into their country. Therefore, without more ado, they dispatched him with their clubs where he sat.



A typical Lengua witch-doctor—These gentry were bitter enemies to the missionary.

The very name Chaco was mentioned by many people whom Mr. Grubb met in accents of dread and horror. The Lenguas were generally regarded as the most barbarous of the eight to ten million aboriginals who inhabit South America, and many of whom even to-day remain unvisited by any white man. Mr. Grubb knew that the Chaco Indians were treacherous, vicious, and said to be given to cannibalism. Moreover, owing to their amazing superstitions, they perpetrated the most horrible tortures on their captives, and even on their relatives and friends, "when evil spirits walked."

Had he met with an accident, or fallen sick during his solitary sojourn among the Lenguas, he would in all probability have been buried alive; for not only do they not distinguish very carefully between prolonged unconsciousness and actual death, but among their many amiable customs is that of burying a person alive before the sun sets if there is any likelihood of death occurring during the night.

Naturally the witch-doctors, whom chiefs and people alike feared greatly, sought the intruder's death. They endeavoured to incite the people against him by declaring that he was a great criminal, who had been cast out of his own tribe; that he had the power of the Evil Eye, and was on the most intimate and friendly terms with the powers of Darkness—assertions which placed Mr. Grubb's life in dire peril, for the Lenguas have the greatest horror of evil spirits and darkness.

The most marvellous powers were attributed to him. He was supposed to be able to hypnotize men and animals; to bring up the storms and south winds at will; and to be capable of any amount of endurance on account of the wonderful concoctions (chiefly medicine) which he possessed. What was more dangerous still was the report which the witch-doctors spread about that he had really come to exploit the country of the Lenguas for timber or anything else of value. When Mr. Grubb's intention of making a cart-road from the River Paraguay into the interior became known to the medicine-men, they worked steadily for three months to get rid of him. They would not resort to open

violence on account of the fear, arising from their extraordinary superstitions, that the white man's disembodied spirit might be more dangerous and troublesome to them than he himself was in the flesh. Thanks to the kindly warnings of one or two friendly Indians, however, Mr. Grubb managed to escape the snares set for him by the witch-doctors and to carry out his project of making a cart-road, without which it was hopeless to get material into the interior.

The war against the witch-doctors, however, was not without its humour at times. On one occasion Mr. Grubb heard a great uproar in the village. Rushing to the scene, he found a woman stretched on the ground, throwing herself about violently. Four men were holding her down by the limbs, while a wizard was bending over her, trying to drive out the spirits.

He at once saw it was simply a case of hysteria. Bidding the witch-doctor desist from his performances, and telling the people that he had a potent drug which would very soon restore the patient, Mr. Grubb returned to his hut and brought back with him some strong liquid ammonia. When he applied a liberal dose to

"The wizard nearly fell down from the shock."

the woman's nose on a handkerchief, the effect was instantaneous, much to the astonishment of the people.

A short time afterwards the wizard of the village sought him privately, and asked for some of the wonderful medicine. Mr. Grubb gave him a sniff of the bottle with the cork right out, and the effect was almost more marked than in the case of the woman. The wizard nearly fell down from the shock. Mr. Grubb asked him if he would like to take some with him, but as soon as he could speak he emphatically declined. No doubt he ceased to wonder why the spirits left the woman so quickly.

Equally amusing was an incident which arose out of Mr. Grubb's fight against strong drink. The difficulties he was faced with in regard to this evil will be obvious when it is explained that the feast days of the Lenguas generally consisted of prolonged drunken orgies lasting for three or four days, when vast quantities of various intoxicating liquors made by the Chaco tribes were consumed. That they preferred these to foreign liquors is evident from the remark made by an old chief living near the River Paraguay, who had given way very greatly to the rum craving. One day he came into Mr. Grubb's hut and asked the missionary how he was. Mr. Grubb replied that he was suffering from a very severe headache.

"Ah," said the old chief, sagely, "I told you that Paraguayan rum was no good, but you won't drink our stuff."

From the moment he set foot in Chaco Mr. Grubb declared open war against the witch-doctors, and treated their boasted powers with contempt, although he was alone and unarmed. He made up his mind that to have begun his work under armed protection would only have incensed the Indians against him, and that if possible he must never show fear, although it was sometimes very difficult not to betray signs of nervousness when in a tight corner. Any symptom of fear, however, would have been his undoing. On one occasion, when the Indians were very angry with him, a man actually fixed an arrow in his bow, and, pushing the point against the missionary's chest, threatened to drive it through him. "I could clearly see," said Mr. Grubb, "that he was only trying to intimidate me, and I managed to burst out into a fit of—I must confess—very insincere and forced laughter. The man shrank back surprised, and, following up my advantage, I abused him heartily and took the first opportunity to go off with assumed disdain, but really to avoid further danger."

Holding up fire to the sun to induce it to shine—This custom is probably a relic of the old Inca sun-worship.

It was very ticklish work in those early days, and had it not been for the high-handed methods Mr. Grubb adopted he would never have succeeded in overcoming the hostility of the natives, let alone have gained a hearing among them. He had the greatest difficulty on his first journey into the interior in obtaining guides, and even the five he ultimately secured deserted him as they drew near the village of Kilmesakthlapomap ("the place of burnt pigs").

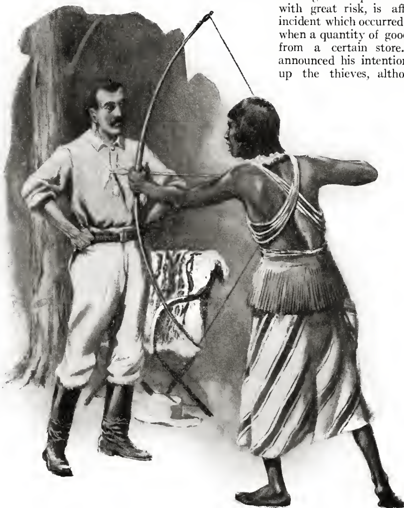
Apparently they were afraid of the reception they would meet with for bringing a strange foreigner into the place. Mr. Grubb, however, determined to go on, and his sudden arrival alone in the village filled the natives with astonishment. In spite of their threatening attitude, Mr. Grubb determined to take a firm stand, and, beckoning to a young Indian standing by, he ordered him to take his horse to water. Then, his vocabulary being somewhat limited, he made signs to a woman that he would camp under a shady tree near by, and, pointing to a fire, told her to take it and place it there for his convenience.

Beating off the village dogs with his whip, he proceeded to select a piece of pumpkin here and a few potatoes there, which he gave to another Indian and signed to him to put under the tree.

Then he called one of the boys and sent him off with his kettle to a swamp for water, and after the arrangements for his comfort were complete proceeded to rest himself in full view of the village. It was a daring attitude to adopt, but Mr. Grubb knew that his safety depended upon his showing absolute fearlessness, and making the Indians obey him. To threaten them or to have displayed arms would undoubtedly have resulted in his death, for the Indians did not want him. They were suspicious of him and fully realized that he was only one among many. And, although his air of authority puzzled them and made them obey him, they determined to test him that night.

Arrant thieves, they made up their minds to rifle his belongings, in order to see what attitude he would take. Mr. Grubb, however, circumvented them by sleeping on the top of most of his baggage. When they thought he was asleep, dark figures stealthily moved around, fumbling at his baggage and endeavouring to purloin his belongings. They disappeared precipitately, however, when he suddenly jumped up and shouted at them, and, although he spent an anxious and watchful night, no more marauders appeared.

A further illustration of Mr. Grubb's determination to prove the white man's superiority, although the experiment was attended with great risk, is afforded by an incident which occurred early in 1891, when a quantity of goods were stolen from a certain store. Mr. Grubb announced his intention of following up the thieves, although he was warned that the natives were in a dangerous mood. He knew, however, that if they were not made to give up the loot, they would regard him with little fear or respect. Ultimately, after



"Pushing the point against the missionary's chest, he threatened to drive it through him."

a journey of about twenty miles, he found the culprits at a place called Neantamama. Defiant and insolent, they refused to give up the goods, and when he told them that they would be regarded as "thieves and sneaking foxes" all along the River Paraguay they got angry and threatened to kill him. Eventually Mr. Grubb, after a prolonged palaver, won over one of the chiefs to his side, and ultimately it was arranged that the Indians should repay the value of what they had stolen in skins and feathers. These were procured in a few days, and Mr. Grubb was able to return them to the store as compensation for the theft.

The pilfering habits of the natives were a great source of trouble to Mr. Grubb, and even after he had established himself at Neantamama, he suffered badly from their depredations. One night he was awakened by a rustling noise outside his hut. At first he thought it was a dog, but the careful way in which the grass at the foot of the wall was being torn out finally convinced him that it was a man. Presently a dark, shaggy head wormed its way through the wall. Gently loosening the folds of his mosquito-net from beneath his sheepskin bed, which stood within a few feet of the wall, Mr. Grubb shot out his hand, caught a firm hold on the intruder's back hair, and pinned his face to the ground.

It was a most ludicrous sight to see the native, thus caught in a trap, lying on his stomach, his face wedged downwards, and his legs on the other side of the wall of the hut. When Mr. Grubb inquired who he was he discovered from the muffled sounds that it was a man named "Alligator Stomach." When asked what he was doing, he coolly said that he had heard dogs near the hut, and, fearing for the safety of Mr. Grubb's meat, had simply come to drive them out! From which it will be gathered that the Lengua is as ingenious with his excuses as he is wily in his behaviour.

A greater peril threatened, however, when Mr. Grubb endeavoured to interfere with the Lenguas' horrible practices of infanticide and burying alive. The custom of centuries has led the Lenguas to kill half their children at birth, and in particular to destroy all twins. There is a certain logical reason for doing this. The Indians lead a nomadic life, and they argue that their comfort and livelihood depend upon there not being too many of them. At one time more than half the infant children of the different tribes were destroyed at birth, the Indians hoping by thus restricting the population to always secure a plentiful supply of food. Seldom more than two children were reared in any one family, and so many female children were put to death that sufficient did not remain to provide wives for the men, and many of these in consequence had to remain unmarried.

The first child in a family, if a girl, was invariably put to death, and the infant child of a mother who died was always buried in the grave, alive or dead, with the deceased mother.

There are other superstitious reasons which cause infanticide to be largely practised among the Lenguas. If the child is of dark skin at the time of its birth it is regarded as unlucky—a potent reason for putting it to death—while twins are always destroyed at birth, as being less likely to grow up strong and robust than single children. Mr. Grubb relates how one Indian woman, now a Christian, gave birth to twins some nine years ago. The greatest precautions had to be taken lest the grandmother should murder the children, as she certainly would have done if a suitable opportunity had presented itself.

These details will enable readers to understand the great danger which Mr. Grubb ran when he determined, while at a certain village, to save the life of a three-months-old child, whose mother had died during a severe epidemic of influenza. No sooner had the breath left the woman's body than the husband and another man appeared before Mr. Grubb, who had in the meantime taken possession of the child, and demanded that it should be placed alive, according to their custom, in the grave of its mother.

The missionary refused to give up the child for such a horrible purpose, and other men arriving to inquire the reason of the delay, the natives became angry at his opposition and assumed a very threatening attitude. After much argument and pleading, however, Mr. Grubb, mainly owing to one of the young chiefs taking his part, was allowed to keep the child, only to be met with fierce abuse from the women when he endeavoured to find a nurse for the youngster. Even the child's sister, a girl of about eighteen, not only refused all help, but was more abusive than the rest.

When Mr. Grubb called to some of the people to assist him in catching a goat, in order that he might get some milk for the child, they not only flatly refused, and forbade him to get the milk himself, but drove him from the village with the child, saying that as the ghost of the mother would shortly arrive, looking for her baby, and he had been mad enough to run such risks, he must take them alone. The consequence was that he was obliged to camp right away from the village with the baby.

For ten days, Mr. Grubb confesses, he lived through a terrible period of anxiety and constant dread. His main idea was to reach the River Paraguay, about a hundred miles off; but the

Indians absolutely refused to act as guides, and Mr. Grubb knew it was hopeless to endeavour to penetrate the forests alone, for it was the easiest thing to lose oneself in their trackless wilds. What made matters worse was his great difficulty in feeding the child. Picture to yourselves a bachelor, burdened with a three-months-old baby, among hostile savages. He was reduced to such straits that he had to resort to theft, and, watching his opportunity, steal every egg he could find.

On several occasions Mr. Grubb was fortunate enough to waylay a goat wandering some distance from the village, and thus secure a little milk.

Eventually, however, five of the natives, including the father of the child, seeing how determined Mr. Grubb was to carry out his purpose, agreed to accompany him to the river; but Mr. Grubb feared trickery and treachery, and it was with the utmost relief that, after several days and nights in the forest, he was able to hand over the child to the wife of a missionary resident in Concepcion.

Poit, the Indian who attempted Mr. Grubb's life—He met with a terrible death.

The sequel, however, was a sad and unfortunate one, for six months later the child died. This in itself was a source of much grief for Mr. Grubb, who had hoped, had the child lived, that she might have saved others from the fate which she so narrowly escaped. The worst feature of the incident, however, was that when the Indians heard of the death they became more than ever convinced theirs was the best and only method of disposing of such motherless children.

For some time after this exciting episode Mr. Grubb, or, to give him the native name by which he is known in the Chaco, "Yiphenabanyetik," steadily pursued his work without any great dangers arising, and such good progress did he make that he felt in 1896 that he could take a holiday and leave on his first furlough to England. Strangely enough, it was this visit which led to what is perhaps his most terrible experience.

Before leaving for England Mr. Grubb placed certain matters in charge of an Indian named Poit, a highly intellectual Lengua, whom he had every reason to believe was faithful to him. He also left in Poit's charge certain cattle for victualling and providing for a certain mission station which, on his return to the Chaco, Mr. Grubb hoped to establish firmly in a new district. Apparently,

A party of Lenguas in their dug-out canoe.

however, Poit, like many of the other Indians, thought that Mr. Grubb would never return, and that he was leaving them because his health had broken down and he could not carry on the work any longer.

The consequence was that Poit appropriated the cattle and disposed of them to his own personal advantage. Naturally, therefore, he was very much alarmed when, months later, Mr. Grubb returned. The first intimation Mr. Grubb had of Poit's dishonesty was when some of the natives of the district which he had told Poit to visit with the cattle came to him and asked when he was going to begin work among them. Other thefts having occurred, notably in regard to a couple of guns, Mr. Grubb determined that the matter must be cleared up without delay, for the Indians seemed very unsettled and restless.

Accordingly he set off for the interior with six guides, Poit acting as headman. All went well for a day or two, and then Mr. Grubb, going on ahead with Poit, noticed that the other Indians were not in sight. He did not, however, pay much attention to the matter, thinking that they lagged behind gathering wild fruit; and when he questioned Poit about them the latter said that one of the men had run a long thorn into his foot and consequently was unable to walk. He added that the others were trying to extract it, and would overtake them by the evening.

Mr. Grubb afterwards discovered that the treacherous Poit had sent the Indians back with strict orders to return to the village they had come from, and there to await "Yiphenabanyetik's" return, which might not be for some weeks. Suspecting nothing, although he came to the conclusion that the other men had deserted him, Mr. Grubb went on. His plight was a precarious one, on account of the fact that the deserting Indians had gone off with all his provisions and kit. The only clothes he had were those he stood up in—a thin cotton shirt and cotton trousers, a hat, no socks, and only a pair of rather worn *alpergatas* (canvas slippers with rope soles).

From another village, however, Mr. Grubb managed to get six more Indian guides and provisions; but again the wily, treacherous Poit contrived to get rid of them by suggesting they should be sent on to the Toothli, the tribe for which he was making, to prepare for his arrival. Mr. Grubb fell in with the suggestion, and also agreed that Poit, who was armed only with pointed, wooden barbed arrows and a club, should obtain some iron-headed arrows, as jaguars were reported in the neighbourhood. Proceeding on the journey, Poit, who was now acting as guide, confessed after a time that he was uncertain about the track, and ultimately they came to a dead stop at a point in the forest where the bush seemed impenetrable.

They were in a small clearing, not larger than a moderate-sized room, with dense undergrowth all around, and Mr. Grubb saw that they could not proceed unless they cut their way through the bush.

"I was bending down," says Mr. Grubb, "trying to clear a way, when suddenly I felt a sharp blow on my back, just below the right shoulder-blade, close to the spine. I rose up and saw Poit about four or five paces off, with a look of horror on his face. My first thought was of a jaguar—that Poit had shot at one, and in his excitement hit me instead. I told him to come to my assistance, but he cried out: 'Oh, Mr. Grubb! Oh, Mr. Grubb!' (a most unusual expression, the Indians always addressing me by my Indian name, Yiphenabanyetik). Then, with a sharp cry of pain and terror, '*Ak-kai! Ak-kai!*' he rushed off towards the river and was lost to sight."

With blood spurting from his back and pouring from his mouth Mr. Grubb—who says that the shock seemed to have made him particularly clear-headed and fully alive to Poit's treachery—made for the river to refresh himself by plunging into the water, as he feared he might faint. The water revived him somewhat, and he then proceeded to extract the arrow—a most difficult and painful operation, owing to its awkward position. Only by working it backwards and forwards, up and down, was he able to pull it out. Luckily, having entered perpendicularly and in an oblique direction, it had met with the resistance of the ribs. Had it entered horizontally, the injury to the lungs would have been far more serious.

As it was, Mr. Grubb was in such an exhausted condition that while attempting to cross the river he nearly sank in mid-stream and was forced to climb the opposite bank on all fours. "I felt convinced," he says, "from what little medical knowledge I possessed, that I could not live much longer than an hour, if so long. My great desire, therefore, was, if possible, to reach the beaten track before I died, so that some passing Indian might discover my body and that the fact and manner of my death might through him reach my friends."

Mr. Grubb lay down under a tree to die, placing the arrow beside him to tell the tale. To his great joy, however, he saw an Indian approaching. The native was horrified to find him in such a condition. Mr. Grubb was only able to tell the native that Poit had shot him, being too weak to give any further details, and the native thereupon

"I rose up and saw Poit about four or five paces off, with a look of horror on his face."

assisted him with tender care towards a village which was close by.

The natives were grief-stricken at the fate which had befallen their friend, for his condition was such that they were convinced he was about to die. They selected a site for his last resting-place under a shady tree, and said that they hoped that when dead Mr. Grubb would bear them no ill will. It was this conviction on the part of the natives that he was sure to die that filled Mr. Grubb with terror, for he knew that rather than allow him to die during the night, when his ghost would assuredly haunt them, they would bury him alive before sunset. It was, indeed, only by constant efforts of will that Mr. Grubb prevented himself from swooning.

Gradually, however, the missionary got back a little strength. He dispatched a native runner to the nearest mission station, nearly a hundred miles away, and, thanks to the loyalty of the Lenguas, the message for assistance was hurried forward by relays of runners from village to village and soon reached the mission. In the meantime, Mr. Grubb determined to proceed towards the mission station. It was a stupendous undertaking for a man in his condition, but he knew that if he could once cover seventy miles of country he would then be within the actual sphere of the mission's influence, and could feel comparatively safe.

Staggering, stumbling, and at times crawling, with the blood pouring from the wound owing to the exertion, Mr. Grubb, with the assistance of the friendly Lenguas, slowly made his way towards safety. All the time, however, he feared treachery on the part of the relatives of Poit, who, he thought—quite unjustifiably, as it turned out—were likely to kill him in order to hide the evidences of their kinsman's crime. To his great relief he ultimately met two members of the mission party who were riding to find him. By this time he was so weak that he had to be held on a horse and plied constantly with stimulants, and it was only with the help of brandy and strong ammonia that his friends were able to get him along.

The natives, indeed, doubted his identity, and thought it was the ghost of Mr. Grubb and not himself which was making such a strenuous effort to reach the mission station, where he ultimately arrived, having in eight days covered a hundred and ten miles from the scene of Poit's attack. Even then, however, his troubles were not at an end, for the nearest medical aid was four hundred miles away at Asuncion, where Mr. Grubb was taken, afterwards journeying another nine hundred miles down-river to Buenos Aires, where he was operated on by Dr. O'Connor, the eminent surgeon, who was so amazed at Mr. Grubb's recovery that he gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Frederick Treves, saying: "Put your surgical ear to his chest." The letter, however, was never presented, as Mr. Grubb returned immediately to the Chaco to continue his work, although strongly advised not to do so. He had noticed, however, that the attack on himself had made a great impression on the natives, although they were very sceptical of him, and frequently came up to him and touched him to see if he was real flesh and blood. There is no doubt in Mr. Grubb's mind that his miraculous escape gave a great impetus to his work, and that it really laid the foundation of the Lengua Indian Church.

Why Poit did not stay to make sure of his victim after displaying such cunning in luring him to that isolated spot it is difficult to understand. Mr. Grubb's opinion, however, based on what he afterwards heard from other Indians, is that Poit was not only very frightened at the time, and overcome by horror at the deed he had committed, but that some supernatural fear impelled him to instant flight.

Poit's fate was terrible. The Indians came to the unanimous decision that he must die, although there is no record within the memory of any inhabitant of the region telling of an Indian being slain by his own tribesmen for the murder of a white man, far less for an attempted murder. Poit was captured, and after a primitive trial told that he must die. A pyre was prepared near him, after which he was made drunk in accordance with the Lengua execution custom. Then the two chosen executioners smote him on the head with a machete, a long cleaver knife, and stabbed him repeatedly. His body was then placed upon the pyre and burnt to ashes, which were scattered to the winds. The same fate might have been meted out to all the members of Poit's family had it not been for the successful pleading of the missionary, the man who escaped death only by a miracle.

In conclusion, I should like to say that for the information contained in this article, and the pictures which illustrate it, I am indebted to the assistance of the Rev. G. O. Morgan-Smith, M.A., Organizing Secretary of the London Diocese, South American Missionary Society, and to Mr. Barbrooke Grubb's reminiscences, published by Messrs. Seeley, Service, and Co., Ltd., London.

SIX WEEKS

By

LIEUT. C. G. DOWDING,

Indian Army.

A breezy account of a trip into Lahoul, on the borders of Tibet, after ibex and red bear. The sport was good, and the author managed to see the humorous sides of the mishaps that befell his little party.

I DECIDED to spend my leave in Lahoul because I wanted to see and shoot ibex, which I had never done before; and Lahoul, I decided, was the nearest place for the purpose. Beside the attraction of the ibex, there was the prospect of seeing new lands and people, and of getting into touch, though at a distance, with mysterious Tibet.

Within nine days of leaving Dalhousie you have left a great barrier of snow mountains behind you, and are in the midst of a people different in features and in customs from any you have seen before; they talk Tibetan and look Tibetan, but are nevertheless British subjects. You find English garden flowers, fruit, and vegetables growing wild; and you see wild goats, of the size of Shetland ponies, with three-foot horns, browsing on the hill-sides. As to the cost, fifty pounds should cover everything for a two months' trip.

Lahoul is a district in British territory, and is bounded by Zalkar on the north, Rukshu and part of Kashmir on the east, Kulu on the south, and Chamba on the west. There are two main approaches to the country—*viâ* the Roting-la Pass out of Kulu, and the Kugti Pass out of Chamba; and I was confronted with the difficulty of making a choice between them. Later in the year the Kugti Pass would usually be chosen, being the quickest route; but I intended crossing before either pass was officially open, as my object was to arrive in Lahoul while the snow-line—and with it the ibex—was still low down in the nullahs. I knew that if we waited till the passes were sufficiently clear of snow to be declared open the ibex would all have

The first view of the Himalayan snows from Dalhousie.

IN LAHOUL.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. BUCHANAN, AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

retired to the highest peaks, and would be very hard to find. The Roting-la is not a very high pass—only twelve thousand odd feet—but it has the reputation of being dangerous in spring; it is a long pass, and sudden storms are liable to get up and overwhelm you before you can get over or back the way you came. Not very long ago a caravan of sixty men from Kulu was caught in a blizzard on this pass, and not a solitary man lived to tell the tale. On the other hand, the Kugti Pass was said to be easy, though it had the disadvantage of being high, and consequently very cold. The disadvantage was particularly pronounced at our visit on account of the extraordinarily severe winter they had in the hills in the beginning of 1914. At Kycling, in Lahoul, at a height of only ten thousand feet, over eighteen feet of snow was registered, as against twelve feet the year before.

A Visit to the Maharajah.

As the route to the Kugti Pass lay through Chamba State, which I had shot in twice before, I decided to enter Lahoul from that side; and on April 20th I arrived in Chamba Town. I cannot say I got much encouragement there. When I called on the Maharajah he told me at once that he could offer no hope of my getting over the pass before June 1st; but, with his usual generosity, he did his best for me by giving me one of his preserved nullahs, near the foot of the pass, to camp in; and he said I might pass the time by going after black bear, although I had not got a licence for Chamba. Later the same evening, when I went to the club, I received even more alarming reports. I was assured that June 1st was an early estimate, and that after such a severe winter June 15th was nearer the mark.

A typical "black bear" nullah in Chamba.

The following day I started off in a state of acute melancholia. My one ray of hope was that I was not dependent on "stage coolies," who I knew would refuse to attempt the pass; I had six sturdy ruffians of my own, engaged for the whole trip, and I only wanted two more

to enable me to go over with a minimum of kit—leaving tents, bed, chair, and so on, in Chamba.

The weather was perfect, and, after waiting a day or two in my nullah without seeing a black bear, I decided to have a go at the pass. We reduced the loads to eight, and, leaving four in Chamba at the last post-office, I started off. *En route* I had to pass through the village of one of my previous *shikarees*, who had retired from active work, and I pinned my faith on this man finding me two more coolies—and he did. One was his own brother, and the other the most valuable of the lot, as I discovered that evening. I had presumed, from the amount they had to say on the subject, that both my *shikarees* had made a regular habit of crossing this pass. Possibly for the same reason they presumed the same of me. Anyway, we started off gaily enough, without even knowing the way there; and the man my old *shikaree* had supplied was the only one of the party who had ever been over before! At that point his value ceased.

We reached Kugti village late in the evening of May 2nd, and got a chilly reception. The first natives I met said good evening and asked, "Are you coming to shoot here?" I replied that I was not; I was going to Lahoul. As one man they turned on their heels, snorted loudly, and went off, saying over their shoulders that so far as they and their friends were concerned I could whistle for coolies—they wouldn't go for a thousand rupees apiece! The pass was fifty feet deep in snow, they added, and they'd bet a fiver to a rusty nail we should all die. Of course, these were not their actual words; but they convey their meaning. I felt annoyed; but, realizing that I might fail to get over the pass, and even need help, I thought it wise not to stir up a hornet's nest behind me. So I contented myself with telling them they were a weak-kneed lot of old women, and could stay at home and nurse the baby; and, further, that I had too much respect for my life to risk it in their hands. Finding that I had coolies of my own, they retired crestfallen.

The Reluctant Guide.

I gave the order to march at five next morning, and at that hour all seemed ready—but where was our guide? He was reported missing. Half an hour later he was dragged up in the last state of terror, in spite of the fact (which announced itself) that he had been fortifying himself, even at that early hour, with native gin, a poisonous beverage of which he was very fond; and which, I am sorry

Chamba Town, which the Author visited.

to say, eventually killed him. Unfortunately for me, he had friends in the village, with whom he had stayed the night, and they had been getting at him. He flatly refused to move a yard. "My good sir," he said, "there's fifty feet of snow on the pass, and we shall all die." I told him not to be an ass, but to take up his load and walk.

But not he; and much against my wish I was compelled to "hearten" him (as I believe they say in Ireland), his own stick coming in very useful for the purpose. He seemed visibly impressed, but just then, unfortunately, the members of his house-party turned out with sticks on the terraced fields above, and he had a relapse. This would never do, for his presence with my party was as vitally important as the criminal's at an execution. So I had recourse to threats. I swore by all the gods he had ever heard of that he should go to Lahoul. I could not make him carry a load, but I told him that as soon as we were out of sight of the village I would light a fire, put a ring through his nose, and lead him over the pass like a performing bear; I added that he'd get no pay! This convinced him, and the house-party dispersed; I had never expected them to get beyond the demonstration stage.

A Chamba woman with a load of firewood.

That night we camped at thirteen thousand feet in a great tract on a steep cliff-side from which the snow had slid off. During the past day or two nasty-looking clouds had gathered every afternoon, but cleared away at sunset; and they did the same that evening. There was a glorious sunset, and the pass, now straight above us, looked as if it could be reached in half an hour's brisk walking. The absolute stillness was uncanny. There was not a breath of wind, it was bitterly cold, and all around us lay an expanse of smooth snow, unbroken except where a large boulder or sheer cliff had been left bare. Vegetation there was none of any sort; only bare rock and snow. I gave the men half a bottle of whisky to warm them up, and turned in early, full of hope and army rations — both excellent things to help one over a high pass. Réveillé was to be at three-thirty next morning, and I must have been asleep by eight o'clock, for the last thing I remember was seeing the nearly full moon rise in a cloudless sky. At 2 a.m. I awoke to find snow on my face, a howling gale, and thunder and lightning. Thanking Heaven that I was not a coolie, I crept into the black depths of my sleeping-bag. In the morning it was still snowing, and it did not stop till noon. We presented a pitiful appearance—covered in snow, all very cold and miserable, and our stock of firewood rapidly diminishing. However, the sun came out and we cheered up a bit. I decided to stay one more night and then, if it snowed again, to go back and hunt caterpillars instead of ibex. During the afternoon the *shikarees* and I reconnoitred towards the

Two of the Author's coolies from Kugti village.

pass and found a nice easy slope up to within the last two thousand feet. After that it looked very steep, and it turned out to be really steeper than it looked.

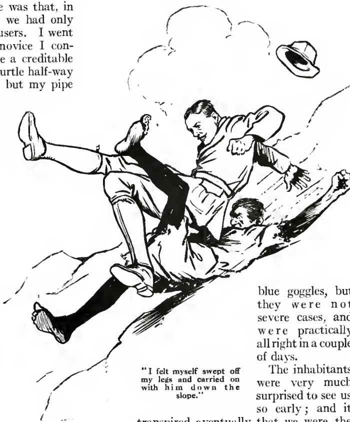
At four-thirty next morning we made a move, in a perfectly clear sky with not a breath of wind. The snow was frozen hard as stone, and the going was perfect. I had a large pocket thermometer and aneroid barometer, and the temperature was eighteen degrees Fahrenheit. At 7.30 a.m. we reached the steep bit, and I thought that another hour would see us at the top; but I was too optimistic, for I soon realized that the wall of ice in front of us gave no hold to my nailed boots, or to the coolie's grass shoes, and every step of that last two thousand feet had to be cut with an ice-axe. This job fell to me, as I was the only one of the party without a load; but I was glad of it, as I was perishing with cold and the hard work made me warm. The air was so thin that at every ten steps one had to halt for breath. Three and a half hours it took to do that last bit; and at eleven o'clock we got our first view of Lahoul and the sun. We lay and panted in the warm sunshine for a few minutes, and then began to think of getting down the other side.

The first obstacle was a *bil*, or cornice of snow, overhanging the top. The pass itself was only six feet long—practically a knife-edge between the great nullahs. One man was lowered by a rope over the edge with the axe; and in about twenty minutes he had cut a way through the ice. The second *shikaree* then led the way. With a last prayer to the Debi or cairn of stones (decorated with little rusty tridents in honour of the goddess Kali), he sat himself in the breach and in thirty seconds had covered identically the same amount of ground as it had taken three and a half hours to climb up. It was the fastest thing in glissading I have ever seen, and beat "skeleton running" in Switzerland anyhow.

"Much against my wish I was compelled to 'hearten' him, his own stick coming in very useful for the purpose."

Trouser-Seat Tobogganing.

One great difference was that, in place of toboggans, we had only the seats of our trousers. I went second, and for a novice I consider I put up quite a creditable performance. I certainly turned turtle half-way down and finished up backwards, but my pipe was still alight when I got to the bottom. This fact greatly impressed the *shikaree*, so I did not think it necessary to explain that I had no idea when I started that I was smoking. Nor did I show him two ominous teeth-marks in the stem which looked as if someone had been holding on like grim death. My bearer came third. He is the biggest sportsman I know, a small, weedy creature with the heart of a lion. He started well enough —couldn't help it—but he soon capsized. He gyrated once or twice and then suddenly rose to his feet with his arms waving. Once again he capsized, and finished the journey on his head, with his legs waving! I laughed so much that I didn't realize the pace he had got up till I felt myself swept off my legs and carried on with him down the slope. When he finally came to a halt we scraped the snow off him, and found him none the worse, though rather undressed. On the way down he had shed his pugaree, goggles, scarf, haversack, waterbottle, khud-stick, puttees, and shoes—everything, in fact, that was not either stitched or buttoned on to him. Then followed good, bad, and indifferent performances by the other members of the party, who first pushed their loads down and then followed themselves. Butcha, the one-eyed dog, made a good trip in the arms of the other *shikaree* for the first half, and on his own legs for the second. Two weak spirits, including our noble guide, showed signs of preferring to stay on the pass. They waited till we started moving off, and then crept gingerly down on all-fours. After that we had ten miles of hard going in soft snow and arrived, tired and exhausted, at Jobring, the first village in Lahoul, after twenty-eight hours in the snow. We all showed signs of wear and tear. The reflected glare of the snow was terrible; my face was black and blistered, and took weeks to recover. Two of the coolies were snow-blind, in spite of my having provided them all with blue goggles, but they were not severe cases, and were practically all right in a couple of days.



"I felt myself swept off my legs and carried on with him down the slope."

The inhabitants were very much surprised to see us so early; and it transpired eventually that we were the first over the pass by three weeks. The people of Jobring were ugly, very dirty, but cheerful and friendly. Both men and women wear trousers, and apparently have peculiar ideas about personal cleanliness. From my own observations the men appear to wash once or twice in the summer if it is warm enough; the women, I should say, never. We halted a day at Jobring to recover our breath. The aneroid, too, had felt the strain of our glissade from the pass, because, although it registered seventeen thousand four hundred feet at the top, it stuck there for the rest of the day. By next morning it had got back to ten thousand all right.

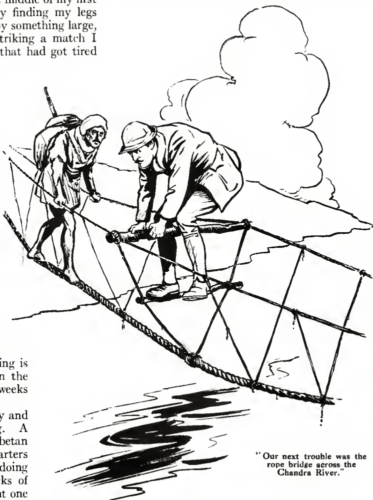
Our next trouble was the *jula*, or rope bridge, across the Chandra River, which at this point narrowed into a rushing torrent about a hundred and fifty feet broad. The bridge was in a shocking state of disrepair; there were gaps of about ten feet in places, especially near the middle, which was only a few feet above the water. To enliven the crossing—and keep the sides of the bridge apart—the villagers had fixed up a hurdle which took a bit of negotiating. We all arrived safely on the far side, and, having seen us across, the headman of the village

departed, after guaranteeing a new bridge within ten days under pain of death. Butcha crossed in a basket, firmly tied down with string and protesting loudly. We arrived at our destination at sunset. As the weather was threatening, and I had no tent, I decided to take shelter, and rented for a few annas the outside room of a large house. The Lahoul houses all have this outside room, which is clean and open to the air on one side, with a veranda. This forms their living room in summer; but in winter they live in the catacombs within. I could not summon up courage to visit one of them; but they suggested Dante's "Inferno." There is no light except that which manages to defeat the smoke pouring out of a small hole in the roof, and the air you could cut with a knife. My landlord and his family took a great interest in me, especially when I was washing or having dinner. I found this rather embarrassing at first, but got used to it before I left Lahoul. In the middle of my first night there I was alarmed by finding my legs suddenly pinned to the floor by something large, heavy, and black; but on striking a match I found it was only a yak calf that had got tired of standing out in the snow, and had found what he thought was the very place for him. I undeceived him, and sent him about his business. The cattle in Lahoul are all half-bred yaks, except for one or two pure-bred yaks in every village. They are fine, fat beasts compared to the wretched bags of skin and bone that do duty for cattle in Chamba, and have long, black, shaggy coats and a bushy tail like that of a horse. They are very tough and hardy, and are sent out in the morning to dig for their own grass as best they can beneath the snow. Several, I know, spent their nights standing in the open in the driving snow. Later in the year, when the ploughing is over, a herd is turned loose on the mountain-side, and left for weeks on end to look after itself.

For four days it snowed day and night, and I got no shooting. A pack of six or seven grey Tibetan wolves had taken up their quarters near the village, and were doing great damage among the flocks of sheep and goats. Every night one or two came close down to the village; but I got only one shot, and it was too dark to aim properly and I missed. I was sorry, for their coats make a fine trophy. They run as big as six feet, are grey on top, and pure white below.

An Amateur Medicine Man.

One afternoon I was awakened from a nap—I had little else to do but eat, sleep, and read—by most hideous groans and yells. I bore it for a time, and then got alarmed and sent someone to find out what it was. I had visions of human sacrifices in my honour, or something of that sort. It turned out that one of my unfortunate coolies had got a bad toothache, and, having nothing better to do, his friends had borrowed a pair of two-foot pincers from the village blacksmith and were trying to extract the offending molar, but with no success. I put a stop to the operation, and gave some relief with eight grains of phenacetin.



"Our next trouble was the rope bridge across the Chandra River."

I had another medical success—curing an old lady's rheumatism with two tablets of saccharine. At least, she said she felt much better, and that was the important thing.

On the first fine day I moved camp to the nullah for which I was making. I had been so comfortable in my house that I took another one, very much against the wishes of the landlord's wife, who did not like the look of me. However, a promise of medicine for her rheumatism did the trick, and I began to foresee a run on saccharine. This nullah was very obviously ibex ground—steep, rocky cliffs with patches of grass below the snow-line, which was close down to the village where I was. The first evening we went out we saw ibex, but it was late and they were on very bad ground, so we decided to leave them till next morning. We were off at five-thirty in a hard frost, and it was very cold till the stiff climb warmed us up. To our surprise, we came on red bear tracks—it was very early for them to be out—but we saw no sign of our ibex. As a rule, hill game grazes from dawn till about eleven; then lies up in the shade till about three in the afternoon, when it grazes again.

I had settled down for the midday halt and was almost asleep under a bush, when the *shikaree* woke me with the news that ibex were in sight. About seven hundred yards away, on a level with us, four males had appeared out of a small nullah. About five hundred feet below them was another herd of about ten does, kids, and small males, who were playing on a glacier like children at the seaside. One would climb a boulder and then the others would make a rush at him and roll him off into the soft snow; they were very pretty to watch. However, I took more interest in the four big males. They fed to within five hundred yards of where we had taken cover, and then, with one consent, settled down for a midday siesta on a great slab of rock. Three went to sleep, while the fourth kept awake and guarded the others. I had never seen ibex before, and was astonished at their size. Everyone had warned us against the beginner's mistake of thinking the first ibex one sees is a world's record, and, as I had carefully measured the old horns I had found in temples, I studied them from a distance. In spite of all this caution, I had no doubt these four were really big ones, and the *shikarees*—who, I'm afraid, knew rather less about ibex than I did—agreed with me. One of the four was an inch or two longer than the others; but they all looked very big. At three o'clock they got up, stretched, yawned, and began to feed rapidly downhill and towards us.

Changing our position, we came out eventually slightly above them, a hundred and fifty yards away. I had hoped for a much closer shot, but it was impossible to get any nearer. So I got ready to fire, as they had changed direction and were making away from me. The biggest one had disappeared, so I aimed at the farthest, who was just about to disappear over a ridge. I had a ·256 Mannlicher with me and a double-barrelled ·450, and of course was using the light rifle. The mainspring was weak before I started; but I thought it had been repaired. Apparently, however, it had not. Anyway, it misfired. I quickly changed it for the ·450, but by this time only two were in sight. I missed with the first shot, but got him with the second. By this time the fur had begun to fly! Ibex seemed to be flying all over the hillside, and everyone seemed to be shouting and letting off guns at once. In my calmer moments I came to the conclusion it must have been the *shikaree* advising me, and the echoes from my own two shots! Anyhow, I gave the big ibex no further thought and aimed at the nearest, now about two hundred yards away. I missed again, but the left barrel broke a hind-leg, and after following him up and giving him two more barrels I finished him off. I was right about their size—they were immense animals, and I could tell by their horns that they were old; but the horns were not world records—nothing like! I heard afterwards that long horns are not found in Lahoul, though they are all big animals and have a good girth of horn. They had given me an excellent day's sport; and I felt on better terms with myself than I had done for many a day. The *shikarees* were delighted, of course, as it meant meat dinners for them and the coolies for several days. Bringing the trophies in that night was out of the question; so I left the *shikarees* to cut off the heads and collect what tit-bits they fancied for dinner, and went on my way rejoicing. In fact, I had got half-way home before I realized that the *shikarees* had made me a present of both my rifles as well as the haversack and field-glasses, which they didn't care about bringing in themselves. On my return I had a pleasant surprise in the way of some newspapers, two pots of jam, and about a square yard of brown bread, which the Moravian missionary at Kycling had kindly sent me. The bread was a very welcome change after chupatties; and I'm sorry it did not last more than one day. The Moravian Mission to the Tibetans is well known in India, and so are Mr. and Mrs. Schnabel, the missionaries. I was reading a short time ago a book on Himalayan shooting by a well-known author, who said that Lahoul without the missionaries would be a different place, and that by their kindness and hospitality they were the making of it. Judging from the way they treated me, a complete stranger, I quite agree.

For the next four days we had snow. Every morning we went out and spotted a herd—three males, two of a fair size and one big one; the latter was what the *shikarees* called a *saher*, the right horn being bent out sideways like a buffalo's, while the left one was normal.

Punctually at eleven o'clock each day the clouds enveloped us, down came the snow, and we went back cold and empty-handed. On the third day, as we were making our way downhill after getting fairly close to the herd, we blundered into them in the blinding snow. They were off before I could fire a shot. On the fourth day we spotted them again; but—probably on account of our meeting the evening before—they had moved a mile up the nullah. There were two or three houses away below them; so I decided to send back for my bedding and some food and go after them early the next morning. At 5.30 a.m. we started on our way; there had been another sharp frost that made the going easy over the snow in the bed of the ravine we were working along. It was a long stalk and a successful one. On looking over the ridge we had reached, I saw one of the smaller ones disappearing over the next ridge, fifteen yards away. I crept after him and found myself at the edge of a sheer cliff, dropping away to the main nullah a thousand feet below. One of the small ones was picking his way slowly and carefully over the face of this cliff about fifty yards above me to my left, and I knew the other small one was somewhere below me to my right. The question was, where was the big one? A second or two later he appeared, following in the wake of Number One, and only twenty yards away. He stood there, offering a splendid target, and I fired. After what seemed a long time, I heard a dull thud apparently miles below—he had gone over the precipice! Then and there I gave up all hope of finding more than a few splintered bits of horn. We made our way slowly downhill over the worst going I have ever known. The "path" consisted of a series of ledges jutting out of the face of the rock and running downhill. When one ledge disappeared into the rock we had to clamber sometimes down, sometimes up, to the next ledge, and so at last we reached the bottom. A single false step or a loose hold meant an imitation of the ibex's performance—a sheer drop of a thousand feet to the rocks below. To my horror I saw *two* bodies lying below us, and I began to wonder how I was to explain the matter to the forest officer, as my licence only allowed three ibex. Still, I had only fired once, and it was obvious what had happened. Number Three was close behind Number Two, and when the latter fell he was carried down with him; or else he was so distressed at his leader's death that he had committed suicide! The first body we came on had only one horn, but I saw with delight that it was the smaller animal.

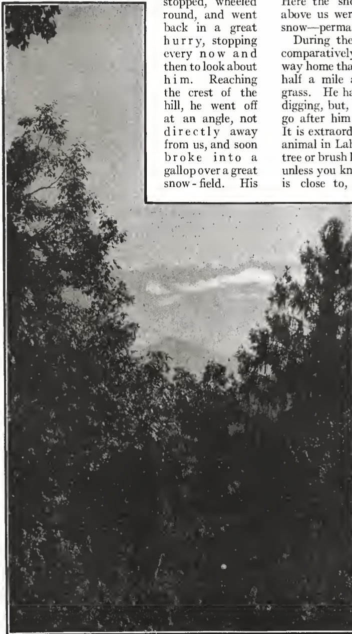
The Author with his two shikarees.

A Splendid Head.

I went on to the big one, and he appeared to have no horns at all. His body was crushed to pulp, but on turning him over we found both horns intact, though they had broken off at the base and the head was smashed to bits. The fact that he was a *saher* must have saved the horns, as he apparently fell head-first, and the horns just splayed out under his weight. His was a splendid head; the horns were of immense girth, and longer than the other two I had shot, and I have every hope they will mount up all right on the skull of his unfortunate one-horned friend. We searched for, but could not find, the missing horn. I was sorry about Number Four, but it settled the matter of ibex—I had only red deer left to look for now.

We went home to lunch in a happy frame of mind—I, because the hardest climbing was over, and the *shikarees* at the thought of more meat dinners. All I had to do now was to pray for warm weather and wait for the bears to come out of the holes where they hibernate to feed on the young grass. Ten weary, blank days followed—spent in sitting on the khud-side and watching for bear. One we saw, but he did not play the game. He was half a mile away, and the wind was right. With a red bear the wind is the only really important part, as he can hardly

see his paw in front of his face, and you have to bellow in his ear before he hears you. I have often watched them grubbing among the thick grass, and they keep on throwing up their heads and taking a good sniff to find out what is going on. When we first saw this bear, he was coming straight towards us; so we took cover and waited. Suddenly he stopped, wheeled round, and went back in a great hurry, stopping every now and then to look about him. Reaching the crest of the hill, he went off at an angle, not directly away from us, and soon broke into a gallop over a great snow-field. His speed was a revelation to me, otherwise I would never have believed a bear could travel so fast; they look so slow and heavy. To have seen him glissade down a steep slope would also have been a revelation to my bearer—he did it beautifully. We followed his tracks the next day, and as they were making up the nullah when we lost them we spent the day there. Here the snow-line met the river, and just above us were great masses of rugged ice and snow—permanent glaciers.


The first view of the Kugti Pass—The pass lies between the two highest peaks in the far background.

During the morning we came across several comparatively new tracks, but no bear. On our way home that evening I spotted a red bear about half a mile away, nosing about in the young grass. He had not settled down to an evening's digging, but, as it was getting late, I decided to go after him at once and risk his moving off. It is extraordinarily hard to judge the size of an animal in Lahoul country. There is no sign of a tree or brush high up, only grass and stones; and, unless you know the size of the stone the animal is close to, you have nothing to guide you. Through the telescope this bear looked a fair size, but smaller than the one we had seen the day before (though I have now no doubt that it was the same), and I could see it had a fine coat. After an easy stalk, as the bear was in a depression, I cocked the hammers of my rifle and poked my head over a rock. At the same moment the bear looked over the top of the next rock, a few yards away, and stared at me. The first shot practically finished it, but I gave it the second barrel to make sure. We found the bear to be a young female, very thin and rather small; but her coat was good.

The Bear and the Ibex.

We went back to our old quarters next day, and the following evening, while I was searching the hill-side with the telescope, I saw another bear. It was too far to go after that night, but I spent a very interesting hour watching him. On the next tier, about fifty yards above him, were six young ibex, males and females, who were apparently unaware of the bear's proximity. He fed upwards, and presently arrived

on their patch of grass. Up went their heads and they stared at him, not quite certain whether to bolt or not. The bear must have seen them, but pretended not to, and went slowly onwards and upwards, eating grass. The ibex concluded he was harmless, came up to within a few paces of him, and examined him minutely. After satisfying their curiosity they went on grazing. All this time the bear had entirely ignored them, but as soon as they were not looking he gave them a long stare and made off quickly uphill till he was about thirty yards above them, hidden by a large bush. He peeped round, and then made a rush at them, doubtless with roarings suitable to the occasion. He cleared the green completely, and then strutted about with his nose in the air. But the ibex were not to be frightened, and in half a minute were all back again, walking in a line behind him—and the bear was blissfully unconscious of it all! When we went after him next day I had an easy shot at him, but let him go as he was very little bigger than my other one, and shockingly thin—evidently only just out of winter quarters.

On the way home I saw a musk-deer for the first time. These animals are preserved and are rather rare, as they are very shy and prefer thick jungle to open country. They have no horns, and look more like a huge long-legged hare than a deer; they get over a remarkable amount of ground at a bounding gallop.

Homeward Bound.

Although I spent another weary ten days looking for bear, I came on no tracks newer than four days old, and as supplies were running low, and my clothes were coming to bits, I packed up and returned to the foot of the Kugti Pass. Before leaving I went up to the Chandra Valley to Kycling, and spent a day at the mission, and it was a great joy to speak English and see white faces again. I found a tremendous change in the valley. Everything was green and warm under a blazing sun, where before it had been cold, damp, and grey, with the snow-line lying a few hundred feet above the river. Where before there had been bare earth and stones, green crops now stood; and every hedge and hill-side was covered with yellow and pink roses, irises, and forget-me-nots. There was another pretty yellow flower which I first took to be a dwarf narcissus, but on examination it turned out to be the less romantic, but more useful, wild onion, and it assumed a place of honour in the larder from that day. Wild spinach and rhubarb strewed the hills. The latter was particularly good, though till then I had always despised it and refused to touch it. Higher up, on the sheltered slopes, the rhododendrons were just beginning to flower, and gave a glorious colour to the hill-sides. The road to Kycling was very interesting, as it is the high road from Tibet to North-West India. In my short journey of fifteen miles I met several interesting people. The first was a Lama from Tibet, a gorgeous but uncommunicative gentleman. He was dressed in a golden bowler hat and five dressing-gowns, the top three hanging round his waist—I suppose in readiness for the next winter! They were faded mauve, scarlet, and buff-coloured. The top one, worn *in toto*, was another mauve one, not so faded, as I don't suppose it had seen the light of day since the last summer. On his feet he had scarlet top-boots of wadded cloth, but his hat was the *pièce de résistance*. It was a perfect "bowler" in shape, except that the brim was too wide, was golden in colour, and decorated with crests or texts in Tibetan characters.

Next I came across a young man and his very picturesque wife, who was wearing all her wardrobe in the heat of the sun. As far as I could gather, they were on their way to Zaskar to visit the lady's people. After these I met a large goat-and-sheep train. Seeing one for the first time, you cannot help laughing. A camel or a mule with a load looks fairly dignified, but a clipped sheep putting on airs because he's got a complete pack-saddle and load is comical. They seemed to think they were quite as good as camels, and hustled me off the path. Some carried salt, some flour, and some firewood, and as each sheep and goat carries about fifteen pounds, I believe, a large flock can make themselves very useful, as they can negotiate ground a laden coolie would not attempt. I very nearly bought a little saddle, for I thought Butcha, the dog, might like to carry my hairbrushes over the pass!

Last, but not least, I met the first white man that I had seen for six weeks. He was coming from Chamba and was making for Spiti, after ibex.

To cut a long story short, we recrossed the pass, without any incident worth mentioning, on Midsummer's Day. We were in luck; for the day before, the first big flock of goats and sheep had come over and made easy footholds for us on the steep places; but there was very little snow except for the last three thousand feet. So ended my first trip to Lahoul. I hope it won't be my last, for it is a most interesting and hospitable country.

ALLEN'S WELL.

By VICTOR PITT-KETHLEY.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. G. WHITAKER.

The story of a man who was buried at the bottom of a deep well by a sudden fall of earth, and how he was rescued.

N the little town of Ware, Massachusetts, there lives a carpenter named Maurice L. Allen, employed by the Otis Company of that town. He occupies a house that he purchased out of his savings, and one day last August he began to dig a well in the garden in order that the place might have a water-supply of its own. Allen stuck gamely to the work in every interval of spare time, and by the middle of October had got down nearly thirty feet.

One Sunday after dinner he started out to "dig for his treasure," as the family jokingly put it. Mrs. Allen was busy washing her dishes, every now and then glancing out of the window. She had about half finished when her husband shouted that he was lonely down there, and asked her to come out and talk to him. She paid little heed to him at first, but finally he shouted, "Do come; I have struck some very peculiar clay."

Mrs. Allen, having finished her work, went out and sat down near the shaft-head to chat with the amateur well-digger. It was then a little after four o'clock.

"What a saving of time and energy this well will mean," she said.

A moment later, without the least warning, the side timbers of the shaft gave way, there came a rush of earth and stones, and as Mrs. Allen looked down, horror-stricken, she saw her husband almost buried from sight. He struggled frantically to free himself, but more and more earth caved in, until only the top of his head was visible.

Wild with terror, the woman rushed for assistance, crying, "Help, help!" as loud as she could. Being Sunday, there were plenty of people about, and men came running from every direction. Within five minutes there was a crowd on the spot.

Wasting no time, the men immediately started the work of rescue, and succeeded in digging away the sand until Allen's hands were reached. He then continued the task himself, filling pail after pail until he was free below his waist. The space was so small, however, that no one else could do much digging, and the willing helpers who crowded down only got in one another's way, and increased the risk of a further cave-in. By persistent work Allen presently reached his feet, but was unable to free them on account of several boards, buried in earth and stones, which held them tight. A saw and other tools were handed down to him, and after much trouble he eventually succeeded in getting one foot free. He had started to release the other leg, when a slide of earth again buried him to his waist. To make matters worse, it seemed as if the unfortunate man was actually sinking deeper in the quicksand-like stuff that covered the bottom of the shaft. The rescuers were able to prevent this by tying a rope about his waist, but several cave-ins that occurred while they were working to save him made the undertaking extremely dangerous, for it seemed as though the whole well might collapse at any minute.

At eleven o'clock that night, when every effort to dig Allen out had failed, a general alarm was sounded, and the entire fire department, assisted by police and a corps of citizens, were set to work. Two doctors were also summoned.

A second time the rescuers almost freed Allen, but again the sides of the well caved in, and this time the poor fellow was practically engulfed, while several of the workers had narrow escapes from being caught themselves. Undaunted, however, they quickly rallied around the well-top and lowered a man, dangling on a rope, who dug away the earth from Allen's face. With danger of suffocation thus averted, the rescuers protected Allen from further slides by placing over his head a barrel, on the principle of the diving-bell, a tube being arranged through which

"She saw her husband almost buried from sight."

he could breathe. Two men, relieving one another at intervals, pumped fresh air through this tube continuously for eighteen hours. Without this device, undoubtedly, Allen's life could not have been saved.

After a consultation, it was decided, as the

only means of extricating Allen, to penetrate the side of the well by means of a trench, afterwards removing the earth from around the unfortunate man through the agency of a line of men with buckets. To dig this trench seemed an herculean task, but all hands set to work with a will, and laboured right through the long hours of darkness. Nobody went to bed that night in Ware, and lights gleamed in every house. A fight for a life was going on in most unusual circumstances, and no one wanted to miss the end of the struggle.

As the work proceeded the trench and the sides of the well had to be carefully shored up with planks to prevent a repetition of the accident that had befallen Allen, and progress seemed painfully slow to the anxious watchers. Kindly neighbours had taken the distracted Mrs. Allen and her children away, but the suspense they endured was terrible.

At intervals Allen talked through the pipe to the workers overhead, continually asking when he could be freed. Very encouraging answers were sent back, and as early as six o'clock in the morning he was told that he would probably be reached in a few minutes. This estimate, however, proved to be too optimistic.

At noon next day, when Allen had been entombed about nineteen hours, the rescuers, working like heroes, were within ten feet of the well. At two in the afternoon they broke into the side of the pit, though they were a good many feet above the barrel. Then began the most difficult part of the undertaking. As they neared the buried tub, great care had to be exercised in case the sides of the shaft caved in. They were well shored, however, and luckily no movement of any importance took place.

Presently "Veno" Bourgois, a friend of the imprisoned man, was lowered by means of a rope from a fire extension ladder that had been placed over the mouth of the well. Slowly and carefully Bourgois began the work of digging away the earth from the barrel-topped Allen. He used his hands at first; then, having made a little headway, he plied a shovel. Next, Perry Dunham, superintendent of highways, was lowered to the side of Bourgois. He, too, worked at removing the earth, and presently they reported they had reached Allen's knee.

Shortly afterwards Allen told the men that he could see light, and from that time he kept in touch with the workmen, telling them where the pressure was greatest, so that they could use their energies more effectively.

In a short time one leg was released, and then attention was directed to freeing the other.

Every few minutes small slides of earth occurred, delaying the progress of the rescuers, but they laboured unceasingly. Some of the men were at it for twenty-four hours without a rest, but though worn out and haggard-looking they refused to stop work.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Allen was found to be held firmly by the feet between fallen rocks and timbers. He remained in good spirits, however, and helped the men materially by keeping them informed as to the position of the *débris* that pinned him down.

Little by little the excavations progressed, and as headway was made a tight hold was maintained on the rope which, fastened under Allen's armpits, prevented his sinking to his death. From the top of the pit Chief of Police B. W. Buckley, to whose good management the success of the dangerous undertaking is generally attributed, alternated his instructions with oft-repeated cautions.

At last so much earth had been removed that only Allen's legs, as far as his knees, remained in the quicksand. A board which was jammed against his right leg, and for a long time defied removal, was carefully cut out, and then Allen—who had all the time been kept under the barrel equipment—was asked if he would risk a concerted tug at the rope fastened to him.

"Pull away for your life—do anything—as long as you get me out of here," answered the well-digger.

Plans were at once made for a mighty tug on the rope, and in preparation for this move the barrel headgear was removed.

All rescue work momentarily came to a halt, however, when Allen demanded "another one of them jelly sandwiches that Lizzie makes." He referred to two thick slices of bread, containing a filling of grape jelly, which had been sent down the well by his wife just before the barrel helmet was first placed over him. Soon the jelly sandwich was brought to the side of the well by Mrs. Allen. Her pale face and hollow eyes spoke eloquently of the long hours of mental torture she had endured.

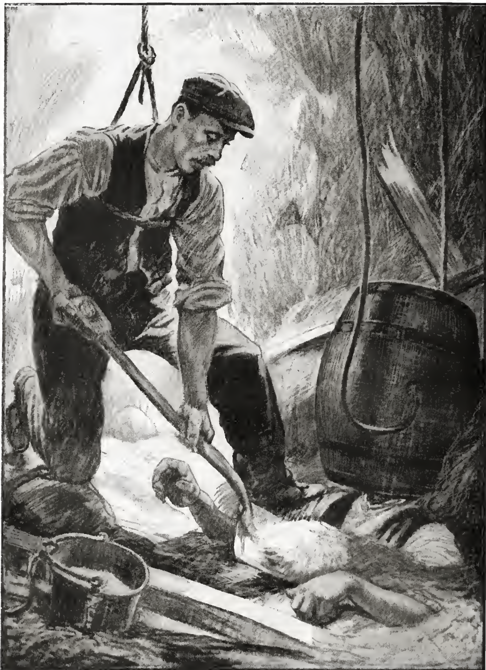
Anxiously the poor woman peered into the depths.

"Here's a sandwich, hubby," she sang out to the clay-begrimed figure below. "There will be plenty more when you get out."

After Allen had eaten the sandwich Chief Buckley called out, "All ready!"

"Sure thing. Let her go!" responded Allen.

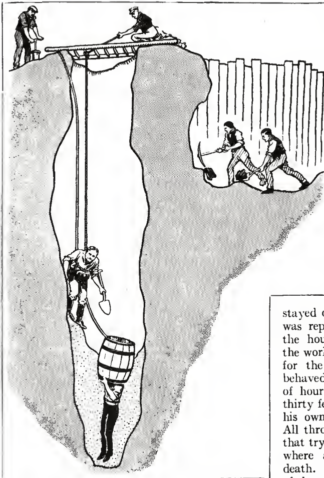
The chief and several of the men at the top strained on the rope. In a twinkling Allen was hauled from the bottom of his prison. Slowly he was raised on the rope until his body was just level with the ditch that had been dug into the side of the well. There three strong men laid hold of him, and he was carried on



"Bourgois began the work of digging away the earth from the barrel-topped Allen."

their shoulders through the deep trench and out into the open.

Fully a thousand persons were gathered on the hillside, and their roar of welcome brought a faint grin to Allen's earth-caked, haggard countenance. A concerted rush was made upon him. Everybody wanted to shake hands and get in a word, but the eager crowd was forced



A sectional view of the well, showing how Allen was rescued from his living tomb.

room. He was, however, in an hysterical condition, which in the circumstances was not in the least surprising.

In a tone that left no doubt as to his sincerity Allen later announced his abandonment of well-digging as a hobby.

"I am not going to dig any more wells," said he. "My wife shall have a well, but my part will be the looking on, for I shall employ a professional. Digging a well is an art, and getting out of one a miracle. My escape was surely one of God's miracles."

The exact period of Allen's confinement was twenty-three hours fifty-five minutes, and during sixteen hours of that time the unfortunate man was under the barrel in total darkness, breathing the air which was pumped to him from above. The rescue work, as already stated, was under the skilled direction of Chief Buckley, who stayed on the scene from the time the accident was reported until Mr. Allen was carried into the house. He assumed responsibility for all the work, and offered many valuable suggestions for the better safety of the men. Bourgois behaved most heroically. For a great number of hours he worked at the bottom of the well, thirty feet below the surface; continually risking his own life in the hope of saving his friend. All through the long hours of darkness, during that trying Sunday night, he laboured in a place where a cave-in would have meant certain death. The town of Ware should be proud of the men who saved Allen from a living tomb.

back by Chief Buckley and a cordon of officers.

"May God bless you all," gasped Allen, feebly. "I didn't know there were so many good people in Ware."

Into the Allen home, just on the brink of the well that had so nearly proved his grave, the man was carried. There his wife and children sobbed out their joy as they embraced him. Dr. W. W. Miner, who had been in attendance all night, examined Allen, and found him in remarkably good condition. No bones were broken, and very few bruises were found on his body. His legs were cold and numb, as might be expected, but he was able to walk round the

A photograph of Allen taken with his family after his rescue.

SHORT STORIES.

THE LION'S CUB.

By DENNIS H. STOVALL, of Philomath, Oregon.

ILLUSTRATED BY H. McCORMICK.

A striking little story of mother-love. "It is quite true," writes Mr. Stovall. "The affair occurred three years ago in the Coast Mountains of Southern Oregon, where old 'Yellow Tail' was well known."

HE first assignment Dick Wimer received, after he had entered the U.S. Forest Service, was to make a cruise through the black hemlock of a section well up on the hump of the Siskiyou Range, between Oregon and California. He took with him Jud Bucklin, a mountaineer well acquainted with the isolated region he was about to visit. It was late fall when they made camp, taking possession of an abandoned cabin, near which was a spring of excellent water and a log stable for the two "cayuses."

The two men left the cabin early on the morning following their arrival, for they had a number of miles to cover on their initial trip. Late in the afternoon, as they passed through a dark grove on their return to camp, their attention was attracted by a peculiar whine. It sounded very much like the pitiful wail of a lost kitten, and came from the hollow of a black hemlock that overhung the trail.

"I believe it's a kitten," said Wimer, as he halted and listened. "Must have been left by some miner and wandered out here."

"It *is* a kitten," the mountaineer returned, knowingly. "But it wasn't left by no miner, and it ain't lost, you can depend on that."

Before anything more could be said, Dick climbed the tree to the hollow, reached in his arm, and pulled out a scratching, biting, squalling mountain-lion cub. It was little bigger than a house-cat, but it seemed to be all teeth and claws. Dick dropped down with it, and finally got it into his carry-all bag, with the evident intention of taking it to camp.

"I shouldn't carry that kitten very far from its present location," said the mountaineer, dubiously. "I took note of some tracks in the soft ground farther back, an' I'm of the opinion they were made by the mother of the youngster. She's an ugly customer, that old cat, and I've no particular desire to make her acquaintance."

"Let her come on," Wimer returned, lightly, as he bore off his prize in triumph. "We'll capture her, too, if she starts any nonsense."

Old Jud said nothing more, but it was very plain, from the seriousness of his grizzled countenance, that he disapproved of Wimer's action. The two men were so hungry when they reached the cabin that the cub was forgotten in the preparations for supper and the meal that followed. Afterwards Wimer took the little animal from the carry-all bag and placed it in a box, trying to get it to eat. But it disdained to give the morsels so much as a sniff of its royal nose.

Dick was certainly proud of that kitten. He occupied the better part of an hour, following supper, telling old Jud how he was going to raise it, and how he would train it to perform all manner of tricks. To all this the mountaineer said nothing; he only shook his head. At last, however, he made one remark.

"I'm thinkin'," he growled, "that this kitten belongs to Yellow Tail. Maybe you've never heard about her?"

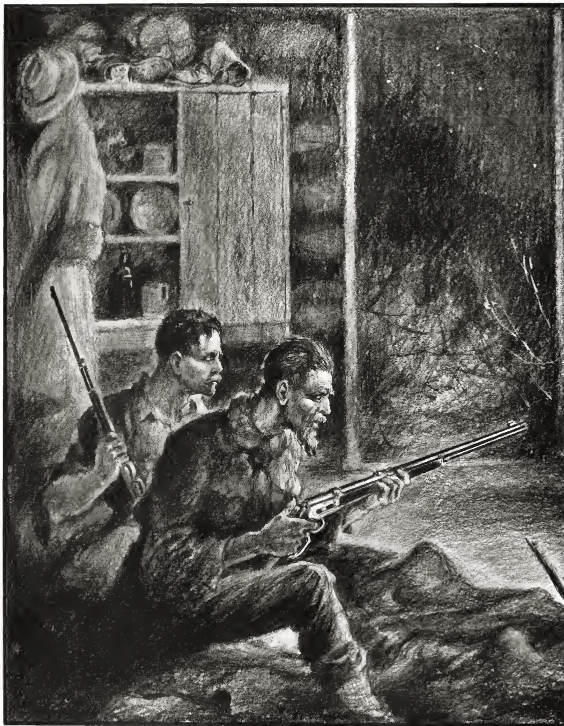
Dick said he had not, and thereupon old Jud proceeded to give him the history of the notorious lioness which for years had been the terror of the upper Siskiyous, and which all old-timers of the region declared possessed a charmed life. She had been fired upon many times, but always escaped, apparently unhurt. She had robbed goat pens, pigsties, and cattle corrals, leaving a trail of blood in her wake, and though a special bounty hung over her head, no one seemed able to claim it.

Such, in brief, was the story of Yellow Tail, and Wimer listened to it with rapt interest, declaring, when old Jud had finished the recital, that he would remove the charm that had so long stood in the way of getting the outlaw.

About ten o'clock the couple got ready to turn into their bunk. Their bed was made of dry fern fronds and spruce needles, and it was set just under the one window of the cabin. Though he would not admit it, old Jud's tale made Dick a little uneasy in mind, and just before retiring he went out and looked cautiously round the cabin. The night was perfectly clear; there was frost in the air, the stars sparkled like jewels, and the pine-covered mountains that closely encircled the cabin were clearly outlined

in the half darkness. Out in the log stable the two ponies were standing quietly. Peace seemed to have dropped heavily over the Siskiyous. Dick could hear nothing save the low whistle of a pine owl and the distant yapping of a coyote. Reassured, he returned to the cabin, put a chunk of wood on the fire, and turned to the bunk. Old Jud had already stretched his length between the blankets, though Wimer noted that the mountaineer's long-barrelled rifle leaned conveniently against the wall near his pillow. Accordingly Dick brought his own weapon, an automatic 30-30, and stood it close beside Jud's. Then he took a peep into the box where the lion cub was imprisoned. The little fellow had ceased his low whining and lay curled in a corner.

"Some great heavy object leaped through from outside and landed in the middle of the floor."



"'Don't move,' he said, as he slowly and

The young ranger crawled into the bunk, and in less than half an hour was soundly asleep.

During the night he awoke suddenly. Sitting up, he rubbed his eyes in an attempt to see better. The fire had died down to a bed of glowing coals, and in the soft glow he discovered old Jud also sitting erect, the long-barrelled rifle drawn across the bed-covering. From the log stable came the terrified snorting of the ponies. The lion cub was awake and squalling loudly.

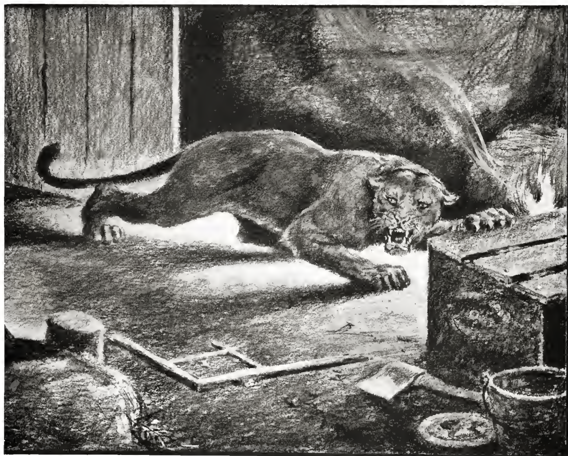
"What's wrong?" asked Dick, in a voice muffled with a strange terror.

Before Jud could reply, there came an awful crash at the window. It was as if a tornado had swept down from the peaceful mountains and suddenly struck the cabin. The window was shattered into a thousand bits, raining broken glass over the bunk as some great heavy object leaped through from outside and landed in the middle of the floor. For a moment neither Wimer nor Jud could see anything, because of the dust and flying wreckage, but both of them knew what had occurred; both of them *felt*, though they could not see, another presence in the room. They heard its laboured breathing now that quiet had come again, and heard the regular swish, swish as of a long, furry tail being swept to and fro.

The mountaineer leaned over and whispered in Dick's ear.

"Don't move," he breathed. "There's a mountain lion in the cabin. It's old Yellow Tail!"

As a matter of fact, the young man had at that moment no desire to move. It is doubtful if he *could* have moved, so paralyzed was he with fear. This soon passed, however, and he found himself thinking of some means of escape —of some way of ridding themselves of this most unwelcome visitor. The cub kept up its crying, and Dick knew full well it was the cub that the



cautiously raised the long-barrelled weapon."

lion wanted. Yet he realized it would be foolhardy for him to attempt to rise and liberate the little prisoner, even though his intentions might be for the best.

After a time old Jud spoke again.

"Don't move," he repeated, as he slowly and cautiously raised the long-barrelled weapon. "I'm going to shoot."

Over there in the corner near the fireplace crouched the monster cat, its eyeballs glowing in the dim light of the coals. It was a good mark, even in the dark. Though it was less than half a minute, it seemed an age to Dick before the mountaineer levelled the long rifle to take aim.

Just before the instant when old Jud would have pulled the trigger, the chunk of wood that leant smouldering against the back log in the fireplace fell down on the coals and blazed up quickly, flooding the cabin with light. At that moment the lioness, struck with terror, uttered a growl and leaped. Fortunately the cabin door had been but lightly fastened with a crude wooden latch. When the big brute came through the window, the impact opened the door, and it now stood widely ajar. When the lion leaped, it went through the door, bolting so quickly that old Jud had no chance to shoot.

"Throw 'er the kitten!" the mountaineer cried, as he lowered his gun.

He knew, of course, that the brute would return. And Dick Wimer, rising to shut the door, plainly saw the big cat coming back, creeping across the star-lit yard, as she once more approached the window. He had his rifle on his arm, and he knew he could kill her just as easily as he could raise the weapon and take aim. Yet something nobler than the desire to kill rose in his heart and prompted him to let her alone.

This same feeling led him in all haste to the box where the squalling cub plunged round and round in its mad desire to get out. With his bare hands he tore off the covering, lifted the scratching, biting thing, and tossed it through the window. A wild, weird cry that was filled with red-blooded mother-love came back to them, and then they heard the patter of cushioned feet on the hard ground, growing fainter as the moments fled.

"I'm glad she's got her baby." Old Jud spoke with genuine relief, as he set his rifle up again and got under the blankets.

"So am I," Dick agreed, heartily. "She loved it more than I ever could."

AUNT BARBARA VISITS MUSTYPORE.

By Mrs. M. GERARD.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. LUNT.

Another of Mrs. Gerard's amusing stories from an Indian coffee-planting district. The names, needless to say, have been changed, but the incidents actually occurred.

I MUST say that I did not welcome with any particular effusion the prospect of a visit from Aunt Barbara during her forthcoming cold-weather tour in India. To be quite frank, her letter saying she would be with us in a fortnight's time came in the nature of a shock.

I handed the communication to Peter, in expectation of sympathy. But Peter, as was not unnatural, never having set eyes on my relative, was not alive to the threatened calamity.

"I shall be charmed to make your aunt's acquaintance," he said, genially, "and I shall do my best to give the old girl a jolly time. I fear, however, that she may find an out-of-the-way up-country district like Mustypore as dull as ditchwater, especially as I shall be in the thick of crop-picking just then. Still, I shall do my utmost to make her visit agreeable."

"My dear boy," I rejoined, sadly, "let me at once enlighten the darkness of your mind. The term 'jolly time,' in connection with Aunt Barbara, seems almost a profanity, for she happens to be one of those uncomfortably goody-goody people possessed with a mania for reforming this wicked world. She considers card-playing immoral, looks upon non-teetotallers as on the straight road to perdition, and will inquire after the condition of your soul before she has been in the bungalow half an hour. Don't, therefore, get buoyed up with the notion that her sojourn under our roof will be a period of bliss, for my recollections of her visits to us at home are quite otherwise."

The genial expression on my husband's face suddenly vanished.

"Can't you wire to Madras on her arrival, and say that bubonic plague, or something, has broken out on our plantation?" he suggested, gloomily. "I don't like a person of such an unpleasant description as a visitor."

The suggestion seemed quite worthy of consideration, and I turned it over in my mind. But motives not altogether disinterested made me dismiss it.

Aunt Barbara is very rich. We are very poor, the beggarly salary Peter draws as manager of a coffee estate being ridiculously inadequate to our needs. To cultivate Aunt Barbara was therefore clearly our bounden duty. So I wrote her an effusive letter, which she would receive on landing, expressing myself as charmed at the prospect of a visit from her, and in the course of time we heard of her arrival at the port of Madras.

Aunt Barbara's introduction into our midst cannot exactly be described as a state entry. Mustypore is eighty miles off the line of rail, and the journey—a painfully fatiguing one—is achieved by bullock tonga. That the motives which inspired Peter with the desire to drive out part of the way to meet our expected guest were most humane and noble ones I do not for an instant doubt.

"The poor old girl will find my light dogcart and the spanking paces of Kitty, the new mare, an agreeable change, after miles of jolting in a crawling cow carriage," said he, amiably, on the morning Aunt Barbara was due.

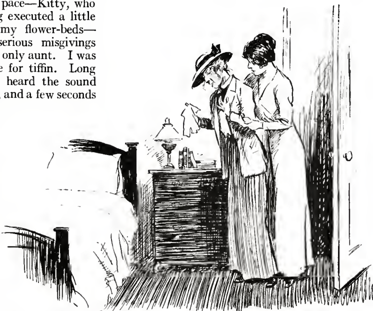
Now Peter is the dearest boy in the world, but truth compels the statement that a more erratic and reckless driver never handled a pair of reins. The rare occasions on which I have trusted myself to his care are fraught with such painful memories that a due regard for my life prompts me nowadays to take my drives abroad in a lumbering arrangement drawn by bullocks.

When, therefore, I beheld him driving out of the compound at a tearing pace—Kitty, who was fresh and skittish, having executed a little preliminary waltzing among my flower-beds—I must confess to having serious misgivings as to the safety of my one and only aunt. I was told to expect them in time for tiffin. Long before that hour, however, I heard the sound of horse's hoofs in the distance, and a few seconds later I beheld Kitty, the new mare, galloping up the drive with fragments of Peter's cherished dogcart dangling gaily behind. In ordinary circumstances, I should have viewed the incident with the calm and dignified composure born of a long and intimate experience of such catastrophes. Peter's safety did not concern me, for he usually escaped unscathed on such occasions, but the thought of being confronted with Aunt Barbara's mangled remains was distinctly unpleasant.

After half an hour's painful suspense, Hussein, the *syce* (groom), breathless with much running, appeared on the scene, and put me in possession of details, which set my fears at rest. "Kitty had shied at some bullock carts, and, the sahib being unprepared, she got out of hand and bolted. The occupants of the dogcart were pitched out, and Kitty galloped home. No one was hurt, and the sahib had engaged a cart to bring the mem-sahib home in."

Such was, in brief, Hussein's report of the accident, and it quite prepared me for the melancholy procession which, about an hour later, wended its way solemnly into our compound—Aunt Barbara, much dishevelled, and looking the image of grim despair, sitting in an empty manure cart, and Peter, a disreputable object, with battered solar topee and torn nether garments, walking gloomily behind. Aunt Barbara, although a woman of iron nerves, had evidently been badly shaken by the accident. When I supported her into her room, she sank in an hysterical heap on the bed, and said my husband had nearly killed her through his reckless driving, and that if she had known our district was such a forsaken spot, and so backward in the matter of railways, she would never have ventured to come up to see us. The administration of sal volatile calmed her down a little, and she departed to bed, where she remained for the best part of a week.

Although Peter and I had always considered



"Aunt Barbara, although a woman of iron nerves, had evidently been badly shaken by the accident."

"It hurt her to see him imbibe whisky-pegs with evident enjoyment and relish."

ourselves to be quite a worthy and respectable couple, we could not but feel that we fell very far short of Aunt Barbara's standard of excellence, and she made it clear that her visit was to be devoted to the task of reforming, not only ourselves, but the household generally. Of Peter she quite disapproved from the beginning, the unfortunate episode connected with her arrival doubtless creating a prejudice against him. But there were other things about Peter that she didn't like. It hurt her to see him imbibe whisky-pegs with evident enjoyment and relish. It horrified her to know that when he sallied out to the club on a Sunday afternoon, it was to engage in the ungodly pursuits of tennis and bridge. It scandalized her to hear him, in the early mornings, use forcible language towards his "boy," Anthony, when he laced up his boots all wrong. And since Peter showed no disposition to depart from his evil ways, despite her scathing remonstrances, it was inevitable that the relations between them should not be of a happy nature. My own special crime, it seemed, consisted in keeping a retinue of twelve servants to perform duties that could be efficiently executed by two.

When I timidly mentioned the sacred claims of caste she sniffed, and said that if she lived in India she would soon revolutionize the whole system of housekeeping, by adopting Western and more rational methods.

She at first contracted a violent regard for Anthony, because, in the course of some searching inquiries as to his spiritual condition, she elicited the satisfactory rejoinder that he was a Christian, "same like missy." Her regard, however, underwent a violent change the day he came home from the bazaar disgracefully intoxicated, and staggered into her presence reeking of arrack.

The remorselessness with which she subsequently pursued him, to point out to him the evils of drunkenness, made his life a veritable burden.

She inspired old Veraswamy, the cook, with abject awe because of her incursions into the kitchen to confer with him upon his spiritual darkness.

These visits were paid at inopportune moments, usually when he was having his afternoon siesta on the kitchen floor, in *négligé* attire, which meant no clothes to speak of, and, being unaccustomed to such liberties, he not unnaturally resented them.

So it did not at all surprise me when he announced that he was required to go and soothe the last sad moments of his brother, who had been suddenly seized with a mortal complaint. Nor was it a matter for much wonder that Anthony should at the same moment receive an urgent summons to his grandmother's deathbed. Since in an up-country district servants cannot always be replaced at a moment's notice, we were for some days left to the inadequate ministrations of the kitchen "matey," Veraswamy's understudy, and it was in vain for Peter to clamour indignantly for entrées and hot curries and

"Made his life a veritable burden."

toothsome savouries, when all this creature could achieve was a revolting Irish "estew," and a gruesome-looking mess he was pleased to call "minch gollops." And so the domestic atmosphere was charged with much discontent, until substitutes had been found for those who had gone to cheer their dying relatives. It is true that Aunt Barbara, weary of unappetizing meals, offered one day to cook a *recherché* repast for us, to let us know what really good food tasted like, and it is also true that in a weak moment I accepted her offer.

Now it is one thing to cook in a spick-and-span English kitchen, possessed of every modern convenience, but when it comes to cooking in an Indian kitchen, on a primitive range, consisting of a row of charcoal fires between bricks, and in an atmosphere thick with pungent wood smoke, it is not exactly a holiday entertainment. After about an hour of it, having reduced the coolies she had in attendance to the verge of lunacy, Aunt Barbara emerged a wreck, her efforts crowned with utter failure. When she had finished saying all the scathing things she could think of about myself, my housekeeping, and the general inefficiency of everyone on the premises, she retired to bed, leaving Peter and me to gaze gloomily on the fruits of her labours—some mutton quenelles that would have served for golf balls, a chicken pie encased in a crust of cinders, and the fragments of a sweet omelette that had fallen into the fire and been fished out again. I consider Peter to be a most amiable man, and possessed of truly hospitable instincts, but when he that night expressed the pious hope that Aunt Barbara would soon relieve us of her presence I cordially sympathized with his feelings.

When Aunt Barbara had been with us for about a month Charlie MacPherson introduced himself upon the scene.

Charlie lived on one of the outlying estates, far removed from his own kind, and being desirous of a little excitement and change from the deadly monotony of life in the jungle, he invited himself to our bungalow during the Christmas week. Charlie was a popular favourite, especially with ladies, and Aunt Barbara from the very first succumbed to his fascination and charm of manner. He treated her with such courtly deference, and expressed such a fervent interest in all the matters that she had so much at heart, that he went up in her esteem by leaps and bounds. He discussed foreign missions and temperance reform, things he knew as much about as did my pet monkey, with a seriousness that might lead one to suppose he had given them his lifelong attention. He sadly deplored the giddy frivolity of Mustypore; he sternly denounced the profane practices of Sunday tennis and bridge. And with tears in his eyes he informed her of his utterly vain efforts to introduce a spirit of reform into the district, and wean planters from their riotous and evil ways. Aunt Barbara was enchanted, and she privately expressed her gratification in at last meeting in our benighted district a man who could converse intelligently upon sane and ordinary topics, and whose mind soared above such imbecile matters as pig-sticking and shikar. She further expressed

"She retired to bed, leaving Peter and me to gaze gloomily on the fruits of her labours."

the hope that his visits would be encouraged in our bungalow, because of the wholesome effect his influence would exercise upon Peter, who she regretted to see was not all he might be. I did not shatter her illusions by giving my own private and unvarnished opinion of Charlie, but I inwardly repudiated the idea of his being placed upon a pedestal above poor dear Peter, who was a pillar of rectitude and virtue by comparison.

But Charlie's fall off his pedestal was imminent. One Saturday evening we invited some men to dine and sleep. Aunt Barbara disliked late hours, and both of us therefore retired early, while the men departed to the veranda, where I knew, judging from a long experience of such gatherings, they meant to sit up far into the night.

At two o'clock in the morning I was awakened by the noise of their revels, and, fearing lest Aunt Barbara's vigils should also be disturbed, I sallied sternly forth to end their merry-making. But I was too late, for I found Aunt Barbara, a weird-looking object in a flannelette dressing-gown, much shrunk in the washing, with her grey hair tied in a tight bob on the top of her head, gazing out into the veranda in horrified astonishment at the scene before her. Charlie, who, being a Highlander, always affected the kilt for evening wear, was entertaining the company to an exhibition of skirt-dancing to the strains of a loud and aggressive gramophone, a horrible instrument won by Peter in a raffle a few days before. Charlie went through the steps in a most solemn and stately fashion, holding up his kilt with the air of a professional, which evoked loud bursts of laughter from his companions. When he discovered Aunt Barbara's stern gaze fixed upon him, far from being embarrassed, he approached her and said it would afford him the greatest pleasure if she would honour him with a dance. Thereupon poor Aunt Barbara sank upon a couch and proceeded to faint. For the sad, sad truth about Charlie must be disclosed. Carried away by the excitement of meeting so many people, he had imbibed more whisky-pegs than he had any business to, and was not fit for any lady's society, much less Aunt Barbara's.

She left us a couple of days later, intending to put in the rest of her time at the residence of a missionary down in Madras, where, she said sadly, she hoped she would find herself in more congenial surroundings than she did with us. After the farewells had been said, and the tonga had disappeared from view, Peter, in sheer exuberance of spirits, seized me by the waist and waltzed me round the garden, regardless of the presence of the servants, who had all assembled on the veranda to view the departure. It is unnecessary to add that Charlie kept discreetly in the background.

By way of a little relaxation after the strain of Aunt Barbara's visit, we went to the Mustypore race meeting, held at a station thirty miles distant. Here we spent some days of delirious excitement, and most of our money into the bargain, returning on the verge of financial ruin.

Aunt Barbara has not since honoured us with any communications. Of one thing we are quite certain, however, and that is that we are not in the least likely to benefit by her will.

"Gazing out into the veranda in horrified astonishment at the scene before her."

The entrance to the late Empress-Dowager's tomb, Tungling.

A WOMAN ALONE IN CHINA.

By MARY GAUNT.

China, as Sir Robert Hart said, is a country where "anything may happen." Europeans there will tell you they live on the verge of a volcano, for no Western mind understands the Chinese character, and at any moment a terrible anti-foreign outbreak may occur, like the Boxer rebellion of 1900. To this vast land of mystery went the Authoress, intent upon travelling alone far from the beaten tracks. Old residents raised their hands in horror, prophesying all kinds of disasters, but Mrs. Gaunt pluckily stuck to her guns and set forth in a Peking cart, unescorted save for an interpreter and her cart-men. She met with many odd experiences and saw many strange sights, which are here described in most entertaining fashion.

II.

THERE were two places that I particularly wanted to go to when I could make up my mind to tear myself away from the charms of Peking. One was the Tungling, or Eastern Tombs—the tombs where the great Empress-Dowager and most of the Manchu Emperors were buried—and Jehol, the Hunting Palace of the Manchus, away to the North in Inner Mongolia, or on the outermost edge of the Province of Chihli, for boundaries are vague things in that out-of-the-way part of the world. I wondered if I could combine them both—if, instead of coming back to Peking after visiting the tombs, I might make my way over the mountains to Jehol. With that end in view I instituted inquiries, only to find that while many people knew a man, or had heard of several men, who had been, I never struck the knowledgeable man himself. The only thing was to start out

on my own account, and I knew then I should soon arrive at the difficulties to be overcome, not the least of which was a two-hundred-and-eighty-mile journey in a Peking cart. The only drawback to that arrangement was that if I didn't like the difficulties when I met them there could be no drawing back. They would have to be faced.

Accordingly I engaged a servant with a rudimentary knowledge of English. When the matter we spoke of was of no importance, such as my dinner, I could generally understand him; when it was of importance, such as the difficulties of the way, I could not, but I guessed, or the events themselves as they unfolded became explanatory. This gentleman was a small person with noble views on the subject of "squeeze," as it pertained to "missie's" servant, and he wore on state occasions a long black coat of brocaded silk, slit at the sides, and on all occasions the short hairs that fringed the shaven front of his head stood up like a black horsehair halo. He was very cheerful, and an excellent servant, engineering me through difficulties so well that I had to forgive him the "squeeze," though in small matters I was occasionally made aware I was paying not merely double the price, but seven times what it ought to have been. However, one buys one's experience. He was my first servant, and I paid him thirty dollars a month; so I was "squeezed" on that basis. A six months' stay in China convinced me I could get just as good a servant for fifteen dollars a month, and feel he was well paid.

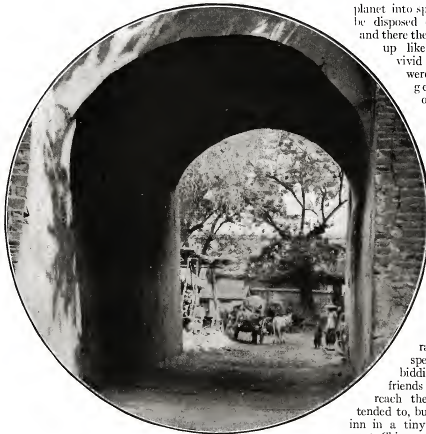
His name was Tuan, pronounced as if it began with a "D," and he engaged for me two Peking carts with a driver each, and two mules apiece. One was for myself and some of my luggage; the other took my servant, my humble kitchen utensils, and the rest of my baggage. One Sunday morning in May the carts appeared at the door of the Wagons Lits, and we were ready to start. At least, everything was ready but me. I ached in every limb, and felt sure that I was just beginning an attack of influenza. What was to be done? I longed with a great longing for my peaceful bed. I did not want to go venturing forth into the—to me—unknown wilds of China, but I had engaged those carts at the rate of seven dollars a day for the two, and I felt that I really could not afford to linger. Possibly the fresh air might do me good. At any rate, I reflected thankfully as I climbed into the foremost cart, no active exertion was required of me. And that only shows how remarkably little I knew about a Peking cart.

Now, a Peking cart is a very venerable mode of progression. When our ancestors were lightly dressed in woad, and had no conception of any wheeled vehicle, the Chinese lady was paying her calls in the back of a Peking cart, the seat of honour under the tilt, well out of sight of the passers-by, while her servant sat in front, the place of comfort, if such a word can be applied to anything pertaining to a Peking cart. In spite of its long and aristocratic record, if there is any mode of progression more wearying and uncomfortable I have not met it. It is simply a springless board set on a couple of wheels with a wagon tilt of blue cotton over it, and a place for heavy luggage behind. The Chinaman sits on the floor and does not seem to mind, but the ordinary Westerner, like myself, packs his bedding and all the cushions he can beg or borrow around him, and then resigns himself to his fate. The Peking cart has one advantage, people will tell you: it has nothing to break in it, but there are moments when it would be a mighty relief if something *did* break, for if the woodwork holds together, as it tosses you from side to side, you yourself are one sore, bruised mass. No, I cannot recommend a Peking cart, even on the smoothest road.

And the roads in China are *not* smooth. We all know the description of the snakes in Ireland, "There are none," and much the same might be said about the roads in China. There are so-called roads, certainly, upon which the people move about, but I have seldom met one that was any better than the surrounding country, and very, very often on this journey I met roads where it was ease and luxury to move off them on to the neighbouring ploughed field. The recipe for a road there in the North seems to be: Take a piece of the country that is really too bad to plough or to use for any agricultural purposes whatever, that a mountain torrent, in fact, has given up as too much for the water, upset a stone wall over it, a stone wall with good large stones in it, take care they never for a moment lie evenly, and you have your road.

Leaving Peking for the Eastern Tombs you go, for the first two or three hours, along a paved way of magnificent proportions, planned and laid out as a highway should be. The great stones with which it is paved were probably put there by slave labour, how many hundred years ago I do not know; but the blocks are uneven now, some of them are gone altogether, though how a huge block of stone could possibly disappear passes my understanding, and whenever the carter could he took the cart down beside the road, where at least the dust made a cushion for the nail-studded wheels, and the jarring and the jolting were not quite so terrible.

It takes as long to get beyond the environs of Peking in a cart as it does to get out of London in a motor-car. First we passed through the



The gate of a walled city.

planet into space, the stones must be disposed of somehow. Here and there the kaoliang was coming up like young wheat, in vivid green patches that were a relief from the general dust, and occasionally there were trees, willow or poplar or fir, delightful to look upon, that marked a graveyard. Then, just as I was beginning to hope I was out in the country, a walled town would loom up. And in the dusk of the evening we stopped and met for the first time the discomforts of a Chinese inn.

We had started rather late, and I had spent so much time bidding farewell to my friends that we did not reach the town we had intended to, but put up at a small inn in a tiny hamlet. This, like most Chinese inns, consisted of a line of one-storeyed buildings, built round the four sides of a large courtyard. Mixed up with the rooms were the stalls for the beasts, and the courtyard was dotted with stone or wooden mangers. In the pleasant May weather there was no need to put all the beasts under cover, and there were so many travellers that there was not room in the stalls for all the animals.

The Peking cart jolted over the step that forms the threshold of all Chinese doors—no one considers comfort in China ; what is a jolt more or less ?—and I found myself in the courtyard, and a trestle was brought for me to get down from the cart.

"Room for ten thousand merchant guests," read the notice on red paper over the door, but unless the merchants were very small indeed I am sure I don't know where the proprietor proposed to put them. Very reluctantly I peeped into a room from which clouds of dust were issuing, and which smelt worse than any place I had ever before thought of using as a bed-chamber and dining-room combined. The dust was because I had impressed upon the valued Tuan that I must have a clean room, so

Babylonish gate, and the great walls were behind us ; then, outside the city, all looking dusty, dirty, and khaki-coloured in the brilliant sunshine, were numerous small houses, and the wayside was lined with booths on which were things for sale. Along the roadway came an endless array of people, clad for the most part in blue cotton—men walking, men with loads slung from a bamboo across their shoulders, donkeys laden with baskets or sacks of grain, with fat Chinese on their backs. There were Peking carts, there were mules, there were ponies ; and this busy throng is almost the same as it was a couple of thousand years ago.

But it was a long, long while before I could feel I was really in the country. There was the khaki-coloured land, there were the khaki-coloured houses, built of mud apparently, with graceful tiled roofs, and blue-clad people everywhere, and everywhere at work. Always the fields were most beautifully tilled ; there were no fences. The Chinese are too civilized to need fences, and when you see stone walls it is only because, since they can't be dropped off the

he had importantly turned two coolies on to stir up the dust of ages. After more dust than I had ever seen before all at once had come out of that room, I instructed water to be brought and poured on things in general, and when the turmoil had quieted down a little I went in and inspected my new quarters.

They all bear a strong family resemblance to one another, the rooms of these Chinese inns. I always tried to get one that opened directly on to the courtyard, as giving more chance of air. The Chinese, as a rule, have not much use for fresh air. Tuan, had he had his way, would have shut the door fast, as being more correct and private, and then I should have been in an hermetically-sealed room, lighted all along the courtyard side by a most dainty lattice-work window covered with tissue paper. But air I must have, so I had the paper stripped off from the top of the window as far down as my desire for privacy would allow. Below, the more daring spirits, who had assembled to see the foreign woman, wetted their fingers and poked them softly through the bottom part of the window; and then an eye appeared, so that it really seemed at first as if I might as well have been comfortable and had all the paper off. I went outside, and let it plainly be seen that I was very angry indeed, and then Tuan, who had a great idea of my dignity (or rather of *his* dignity, which would suffer if I was of no consequence), put one of the "cartee men" on guard, and once more I retired to my uncomfortable lodging. It had a stone floor, being quite a superior sort of inn; the poorer sort have only beaten earth. There were two wooden chairs, with narrow and uncomfortable seats, a table, also uncomfortably high, and, of course, the *k'ang*. Most people know about the *k'ang* now, but this was my first introduction to it as a working piece of furniture. It is a platform of stone about two feet high, so constructed that a small fire lighted underneath carries the warmth, by a system of flues, all over it. It is covered generally with matting, and on it is always a *k'ang* table, a little thing about eighteen inches square and a foot high.

I looked doubtfully at the *k'ang* this first day. It seemed to me I could not lodge in such a place, and I wished heartily that I had left the describing of China to some more hardened traveller. There was a grass mat upon it, hiding its stoniness, and I had powdered borax sprinkled over it; about half a tin of Keating's followed, and only then did I venture to have my bed set up. Alongside was placed my indiarubber bath, the gift of a friend, and every night of that journey did I thank her with all my heart. Finally, making sure that the "cartee man" was still on guard, I proceeded to wash and undress and creep into my sleeping-bag.

At only one Chinese inn where I stayed could food for the traveller be had, and that was, I think, only because it combined the functions of inn-keeping and restaurant. In any case, of course, the foreign traveller would not think of eating Chinese food, and I, like everyone else, provided my own. I brought with me rice, tea,

Mrs. Gaunt's carts in the yard of a mountain inn.

and flour. Tuan cooked for me on an absurd little charcoal stove, upon which I might have succeeded in boiling an egg. With the exception of those few stores I lived off the country, buying chickens and eggs, onions, and hard little pears, Tuan doing the buying, charging me at a rate that made me wonder how on earth the Wagons Lits managed to board and lodge its guests at one pound a day.

I arose with the sun, looked at my breakfast, drank the tea, and was ready to start. All the hamlet watched me climb into my cart, and we rumbled over that steep step and were out in the roadway again.

In China, as far as I have been, you never get away from the people. The days were getting hot, and the men were working in the fields stripped to the waist. Always there were houses by the wayside, and many villages and hamlets, and the women sat on the doorsteps sewing—generally, it seemed to me, at the sole of a shoe—or two of them laboured at the little stone corn-mills that were in every village, grinding the corn, millet, or maize for household use. Sometimes the donkey—and a donkey can be bought for a very small sum—turned the stone, but usually it seemed that it was the women of the household who, on their tiny feet, painfully hobbled round, turning the heavy stone and smoothing out the flour with their hands, so that it might be smoothly and evenly ground.

Poor women! They have a saying in China to the effect that a woman eats bitterness, and she surely does, if the little I have seen of her life is any criterion. As I went through the villages, in the morning and evening I could hear the crying of children. Chinese children are proverbially naughty; no one ever checks them, and I could not know why these children were crying. Some probably from the pure contrariness of human nature; but a missionary woman and a man who scorned missionaries and all their works both told me that, morning and evening, the little girls cried because the bandages on their feet were being drawn more tightly. Always it is a gnawing pain, and the only relief the little girl can get is by pressing the calf of her leg tightly against the edge of the *k'ang*. The pressure stops the flow of blood and numbs the feet as long as it is kept up, but it cannot be kept up long, and with the rush of blood comes the increase of pain—a pain that the tightening of the bandages deepens.

There is no mistaking the gait of a woman with bound feet. She walks as if her legs were made of wood, unbending from the hip downwards to the heels. The feet are tiny, shaped like small hoofs about four inches long, and cased in embroidered slippers, and to walk at all she must hold out her arms to balance herself. When I was laughed at for my "pathetic note" and was told I exaggerated the sufferings of the women, I took the trouble to inquire of four doctors, three men and one woman—people who came daily in contact with these women—and they were all of one opinion: that the sufferings of the women were very great. The binding in girlhood was not only terribly painful, but even after the process was finished the feet were often diseased, often sore and ulcerated, and at the very best the least exertion, as is only natural, makes them ache.

At last, at Malanyu, the hills that at first had loomed purple on the horizon fairly overshadowed us, and I had arrived at the first stage of my journey, the Tungling, or Eastern Tombs. We did forty miles that day over the roughest road I had gone yet, and thankful was I when we rumbled through the gates of the dirty, crowded little town.

We put up at the smallest and filthiest inn I had yet met. Chinese towns, even the smallest country hamlet, are always suggestive of slums, and Malanyu was worse than usual, but I slept the sleep of the utterly weary, and next morning at sunrise I had breakfast and went to see the tombs. I went in state, in my own cart with an extra mule in front, I seated under the tilt a little back, and my servant and the head "cartee man" on the shafts; and then I discovered that if a loaded cart is an abomination, a light cart is something unspeakable. But we had seen the wall that went round the tombs the night before, just the other side of the town, so I consoled myself with the reflection that my sufferings would not be for long.

When the Imperial Manchus sought a last resting-place for themselves they had the whole of China to choose from, and they took with Oriental disregard for humbler people; but—saving grace—they chose wisely though they chose cruelly. They have taken for their own a place just where the mountains begin, a place that must be miles in extent. It is of rich alluvial soil swept down by the rains from the hills, and all China, with her teeming population, cannot afford to waste one inch of soil. The tiniest bit of arable land, as I had been seeing for the last three days, is put to some use; it is tilled and planted and carefully tended, though it bear only a single fruit-tree, only a handful of grain; but here we entered a park, waste land covering many miles, wasted with a royal disregard for the people's needs. It lay in a great bay of the hills—sterile, stony, rugged hills with no trace of green upon them, hills that stand up a perfect background to a most perfect place of tombs. I had thought the resting-place of the

Mings wonderful, but surely there is no such place for the honoured dead as that the Manchus have set up at the Eastern Tombs.

Immediately we entered the gateway, the cart jolting wickedly along a hardly-defined track, I found myself in a forest of firs and pines that grew denser as we advanced. Here and there was a poplar or other deciduous tree, green with the greenness of Maytime, but the touch of lighter colour only emphasized the sombreness of the pines and firs that, with their dark foliage, deepened the solemnity of the scene. Through their branches peeped the deep blue sky, and every now and again they opened out a little, and beyond I could see the bare hills, brown, and orange, and purple, but always beautiful. Spacious, grand, silent, it was truly an ideal place for the burial of emperors and their consorts.

Dotted about in this great park, with long vistas in between, are the tombs. They are enclosed in walls of the pinkish Imperial red. Generally there is a caretaker, and they look for all the world like comfortable houses, picturesque and artistic, nestling away from the rush and roar of cities, like homes where a man may take his well-earned rest.

Here and there, among the trees, rose up marble pillars carved with dragons and winged at the top, such as one sees in representations of Babylon and Nineveh. There was also a magnificent marble bridge. This bridge crosses no stream. It is evidently just a manifestation of power, and beyond it is an avenue of marble animals. There they stand on the green sward —horses, elephants, fabulous beasts that might have come out of the Book of Revelation—guarding the entrance to the place of rest.

And now Tuan became very important. I began to feel that he had arranged the whole landscape for my benefit, and was keeping the best piece back to crown it all. We came to a stretch of wild country and I was requested to get out of the cart. Getting out of the cart where there was no place to step was always a business. I was stiff from the jolting, felt disinclined to be very acrobatic, and Tuan always deemed it his bounden duty to stretch out his arms to catch me, or break my fall. He was so small, though he was round and fat, that he complicated matters by making me feel that if I did fall I should certainly materially damage him. But it was no good protesting; it was the correct thing for him to help his "missie" out of her cart, and he was prepared to perish in the attempt. However, here was a soft cushion of fragrant pine-needles, so I scrambled down without any of the qualms from which I usually suffered. We had come to a halt for a moment by the steep side of a little wooded hill where a narrow footpath wound round it. Just such a modest little path between steep, rising ground one might see in the Surrey Hills. It invites to a secluded glen, but no cart can possibly go along it; it is necessary to walk. I turned the corner of the hill, and lo! there was a paved way, a newly-paved way, such as I have seldom seen in China. The faint morning breeze stirred among the pine-needles, making a low, mysterious whispering, and out against the background stood a splash of brilliant, glowing colour, the many roofs of golden-brown tiles that cover the mausoleum of the Empress-Dowager, the great woman who once ruled over China.

And from the Tungling we went on to Tsung Hua Chou.

Entering a Chinese walled city is like opening a door into the past. I never realized before what the dirt that comes from a packed population, from seething humanity, can be like. The Chinese live in these crowded towns for the sake of security, for even still China seems to be much in the condition of Europe of the Middle Ages. Safety cannot be absolutely counted upon inside the gates of a town, but at least it is a little safer than the open country.

Tsung Hua Chou will always remain in my memory as my own little walled city, the one that I explored carefully all by myself, and when I think of a walled town my thoughts always fly back to that little town three-quarters of a mile square, at the foot of the hills that mark the limit of the great plain of China proper.

It was Tuan's suggestion that we should stay there. I would have lingered at the tombs, but he was emphatic.

"Missie want make picture. More better we stop Tsung Hua Chou. Fine picture Tsung Hua Chou."

There weren't fine pictures at Tsung Hua Chou. He had struck up a great friendship with the "cartee man," and, perhaps, either he or the "cartee man" had a favourite gaming-house in the town. At any rate, we went, and I, for some hardly explainable reason, am glad we did.

The road from the tombs was simply appalling. The hills frowned down on us, close on either side, high and steep and rugged, but the rough valley bottom, up which we went, was the wildest I was to see for a long time. To say I was tossed and jolted is but mildly to express the condition of affairs. I sat on a cushion, I packed my bedding round me, and with both my hands I held on to the side of the cart, and if for one moment I relaxed the rigidity of my aching arms my head or some other portion of my anatomy was brought into contact with the woodwork of the cart. I thought of walking, for our progress was very slow, but in addition

The moat aod wall of a Chioese city—The built-out portion is a mark of disgrace, indicatiog that a parricide has occurred io the town.

to the going being bad the mules went just a little faster than I did, and I felt there was nothing for it but to resign myself and make the best of a bad job. Not for worlds would I have lingered an hour longer on that road than I was absolutely obliged. And yet, bad as it was, it was the best road I had till I got back to Peking again. There may be worse roads than those of China, and there may be worse ways of getting over them than in a Peking cart, but I trust I shall never come across them.

We entered the gates of the city as the evening shadows were growing long, and, as usual, I was carried back to the days of the Crusaders as we rumbled under the arched gateway, but inside it was like every other town I have seen—dirty, sordid, crowded, with uneven pavements that there was no getting away from. Within the curtain wall that guarded the gate there were the usual little stalls for the sale of cakes—big, round, flat cakes, and little scone-like cakes, studded with sesame seed or a bright pink sweetmeat; there were the sellers of pottery-ware, basins, and pots of all sorts, and the people stared at the wealthy foreign woman who ran to two carts. It is an unheard-of thing in China for a Chinese woman to travel alone, though sometimes the foreign missionary women do, but they would invariably be accompanied by a Chinese woman, and one woman would not be likely to have two carts. One thing was certain, however: my outfit was all that it should have been, bar the lack of a male protector. It bespoke me a woman of wealth and position in the eyes of the country folk and the people of the little towns through which I passed.

There were no foreigners, that I could hear of in Tsung Hua Chou. The missionaries had fled during the Boxer trouble, though, indeed, in all the towns I passed through I was a show, and the people stared, and chattered, and crowded round the carts, and evidently closely questioned the carters.

They tell me Chinese carters are often rascals, but I grew to like mine before we parted.

They were stolid men in blue, with dirty rags wrapped round their heads to keep off the dust, and I have no reason to suppose that they patronized water any more than the rest of the population. What romance they wove about me, for the benefit of the questioning people, I don't know, but the result of their communications was that the crowd pressed closer and stared harder; and they were evil-smelling, and had never, never in all their lives been washed. I ceased to wonder that I ached all over with the jolting and rumbling of the cart; I only wondered if something worse had not befallen me, and how it happened that these people, who crowded round, staring as if they had never seen a foreign woman before, did not fall victims to some horrible pestilence.

Once inside Tsung Hua Chou I saw no beauty in it, for all the romantic walls outside. The evil-smelling streets we rumbled through to the inn were wickedly narrow, and down the centre hung notices in Chinese characters on long strips of paper, white and red, and pigs and children and creaking wheelbarrows and men with loads blocked the way. But we jolted over the step into the courtyard of the inn at last—quite a big courtyard, and quite a busy inn. This was an

A typical Chinese coolie.

inn where they apparently ran a restaurant, for as I climbed stiffly out of my cart a servant, carrying a tray of little basins containing the soups and stews the Chinese eat, was so absorbed in gazing at me that he ran into the "cartee man," and a catastrophe occurred which was the occasion of much bad language.

The courtyard was crowded. There were blue-tilted Peking carts, there were mules, there were donkeys, there were men of all sorts; but there was only one wretched little room for me. It was very dirty, too, and I was very tired. What was to be done?

"Plenty Chinese gentlemen sleep here," declared Tuan, and I could quite believe it. At the door of every lattice-windowed room that looked out on to that busy courtyard stood one, or perhaps two, Chinese of the better class—long petticoats, shaven head, queue and all; each held in his hand a long, silver-mounted pipe, from which he took languid whiffs, and he looked under his eyelids, which is the polite way, at the foreign woman. The foreign woman was very dirty, very tired, and very uncomfortable, and the room looked very hopeless. The "cartee man" declared, however, that this was the best inn in the town, and, anyhow, I was disinclined to go out and look for other quarters.

I was too tired to do anything that night but go to bed as soon as I had had my dinner. I had it, as usual, on the *k'ang* table, the dirt shrouded by my humble tablecloth, and curious eyes watched me, even as I watched the trays of full basins and the trays of empty ones that were for ever coming and going across the courtyard.

Next morning I set out to explore the town. It was only a small place, built square, with two main roads running north, south, east, and west, and cutting each other at right angles in the heart of it. They were abominably paved. No vehicle but a springless Peking cart would have dreamt of making its way across that pavement, but then probably no vehicle save a cart or a wheelbarrow in all the years of the city's life had ever been thought of there. The remaining streets were but evil-smelling alley-ways, narrow in comparison with the main ways, which anywhere else I should have deemed hopelessly inadequate, thronged as they were with people, and encroached upon by the shops that stood close on either side. They had no glass fronts, of course, these shops, but otherwise they were not so very unlike the shops one sees in the poorer quarters of the great towns of England. But there was evidently no town council to regulate the use to which the streets should be put. The dyer hung his strips of blue cloth half across the roadway, careless of the convenience of the passer-by; the man who sold cloth had out little tables or benches piled with white and blue calico; the butcher had his wares fully displayed half across the roadway; the gentleman who was making mud bricks for the repair of his house made them where it was handiest—in the street close to the house; and the man who sold cooked provisions, with his little portable kitchen and table, set himself down right in the fairway and tempted all-comers with little basins of soup, fat, pale-looking steamed scones, hard-boiled eggs, or meat turnovers.

This place, hidden behind romantic grey walls, was in the morning just like any other Chinese city, and the people who thronged the streets were just the poorer classes of Peking, only it seemed there were more naked children and more small-footed women, with elaborately-dressed hair, tottering along, balancing themselves with their arms. I met a crowd accompanying the gay, scarlet poles, flags, musical instruments, and the red Sedan-chair of a wedding. The poor little bride, shut up in the scarlet chair, was going to her husband's house and leaving her father's for ever. It is to be hoped she would find favour in the sight of her husband and her husband's women-folk. It was more important, probably, that she should please the latter.

When I engaged Tuan I had thought he was to do all the waiting upon me I needed, but it seems I made a mistake. The farther I got from Peking the greater his importance became, and here he could not so much as carry the lightest wrap for me. His business appeared to be to engage other people to do the work. There was one dilapidated wretch to carry the camera, another the box with the plates, and yet a third bore the black cloth I put over my head. It was not a bit of good protesting; two minutes after I got rid of one lot of followers, another took their place, and as everyone had to be paid—apparently, I often thought, for the pleasure of looking at me—I resigned myself to my fate.

Accompanied by all the idlers and children in the town I climbed the ramp on to the walls, which are in perfect order, three miles round, and on the top from fifteen feet to twenty broad. Tuan helped me up in approved Chinese fashion, putting his hand underneath my elbow, and once I was there the town was metamorphosed; it was again the romantic city I had seen from the plain in the evening light. Now the early morning sunlight, with all the promise of the day in it, fell upon graceful, curved Chinese roofs and innumerable trees, dainty with the delicate vivid verdure that comes in the spring as a reward to a country where the winter has been long, bitter, and iron-bound.

The walls of most Chinese cities are built square, with right angles at the four corners, but in at least two that I have been in, T'ung Chou and Pao Ting Fu, one corner is built out in a bow. I rather admired the effect at first, till I found it was a mark of deepest disgrace. There had been a parricide committed in the town. When such a terrible thing occurs a corner of the city wall must be pulled down and built out. For a second one another corner is pulled down and built out, and a third likewise; but the fourth time such a crime is committed in the luckless town the walls must be razed to the ground. But this disgrace, however, has never occurred in any town in the annals of Chinese history, for if a place should be so unlucky as to have harboured four such criminals within its walls the authorities generally manage, by the payment of a sum of money, to get a city that has some of its corners still intact to take the disgrace upon itself.

A street restaurant.

(*To be continued.*)

A Tragic Ocean Race.

By HENRY E. STANDEN.

ILLUSTRATED BY W. E. WIGFULL.

The story of five clipper ships which started on a race from Australia to China, and the strange and terrible happenings that took place on board one of the vessels. The series of disasters that befell the "Island Bay" proves once more that "it is the unexpected that happens."

IT was on January 4th, 1898, that the full-rigged ship *Island Bay* entered Newcastle, New South Wales, in ballast from Cape Town, her agent expecting a probable cargo of coal to some foreign port. The *Island Bay* was a splendid vessel, which had made a great name for herself among seafarers on account of her superior sailing qualities, having placed many a fine record to her credit in various seas.

Her commander, Captain McKnight, was a God-fearing, pious man, and a splendid seaman, but age was fast getting the better of him, and he had decided to retire in favour of his son Edward—a strapping young fellow of twenty-seven, who held the post of chief officer on board—as soon as the ship arrived back in New York.

I was second officer of the *Island Bay*, and right proud I was to hold the position in such a fine ship. It so happened that there were in port at this time several other large sailing-ships awaiting charters; and when at last we loaded up with a cargo of coal, which was to be delivered with all speed at Hong-Kong, we learned that four of the other ships—all clippers well known to us by repute—had also received orders for the China Seas. There was thus before us the possibility of an exciting ocean race, the prospect of which filled us all with delight.

"We'll do our best to beat them," said the skipper to the first officer, after announcing the news. "I am just going to write to your mother to tell her we are well and on the road home to her."

With that he entered his cabin, while the first mate and I set about making preparations for our departure.

During that night it commenced to blow considerably from the eastward—straight in over the bar at the entrance of the harbour—and continued so for eight days with more or less violence, rendering the bar dangerous for loaded vessels. During this enforced delay quite a lot of shipping collected at the entrance awaiting the signal from the pilot-station that ships might proceed to sea. Among the vessels were our four rivals in the race that was shortly to take place—the *Palm Grove, Berhampore, Cogeltown,* and *Brooklyn,* all bound, like ourselves, to China.

On the morning of the ninth day of our detention the signal was hoisted that vessels might proceed to sea. In a very short time all the small craft had crossed the bar and were getting an offing with a light westerly breeze. Of the larger ships the *Palm Grove*—which belonged to the same company as the *Island Bay*—was the first to be towed slowly towards the bar with her courses and six topsails in the running gear. As she passed us, still lying at our buoy, her crew cheered us, and we cheered in return.

The next vessels to start on their journey were the *Cogeltown, Brooklyn, and Berhampore,* closely followed by the *Island Bay,* with every stitch of canvas set. Captain McKnight was eager to start the race to the Flowery Land at once, and talked about arriving there seven days ahead of the other vessels.

When we arrived in line with the three ships that had preceded us they were just releasing their tugs, so all four of us set out to chase the *Palm Grove,* and by nightfall we lay close behind her, just twenty-two miles east-north-east of Newcastle, in a dead calm, the wind having fallen away. About nine at night a light breeze came from the south-east, and I at once trimmed the sails accordingly. It was a fine, clear, moonlight night, so the other ships, all quite close to us, could be plainly seen. After I had given the course to the man at the wheel I went into the cabin to report the shift of wind to the captain, leaving Lion, the mate's big Newfoundland dog, pacing the poop—his favourite

pastime. He loved to walk up and down with the officer of the watch and help sup his coffee and share his biscuit. When I returned on deck the great dog ran to meet me and looked at me as much as to say, " All's well, sir." Then we both set out to pace the poop together until midnight, when the first officer came on deck to relieve me and stand his watch till 4 a.m.

The breeze by this time was considerably fresher, and the ship to the best of my judgment was doing about ten knots. As for the other vessels, there was very little difference in their positions and ours except that the *Palm Grove*, having a slight advantage of the *Island Bay* by being to the northward at the start of the breeze, was lengthening the distance between herself and the rest of the company. When I relieved the first officer at four o'clock, however, our ship was fast overhauling the *Palm Grove*, while the distance between the *Cogeltown* and *Berhampore* was lengthening perceptibly. The captain appeared on deck at seven o'clock and seemed greatly pleased at the favourable wind, remarking to me that the *Palm Grove* would not stay ahead of us long now. I agreed, and stated my belief that all the rest of the company would be hull down behind us by nightfall except the *Brooklyn*, which was still holding her own with the *Palm Grove*, although losing to the *Island Bay*. The mate again relieved me at eight o'clock, by which time the wind had increased to half a gale, so that we furled several sails. At noon we were just on the *Palm Grove's* quarter, almost within shouting distance. She was flying her top-gallant sails and ploughing ahead at a great rate, sending the water flying from her bows in white sheets. The *Brooklyn*, under all plain sail, was clearly to be seen coming up not far behind on our starboard quarter, followed closely and being fast overhauled by the Boston ship, *Berhampore*, with the *Cogeltown* far out of the race, hull down below the horizon. By the first dog-watch — 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. — the *Brooklyn* had caught the *Palm Grove*, and they were both just a mile astern of us, with the *Berhampore* overhauling them in leaps and bounds and promising us a tight race. Before the wind—which had now settled to the strength of a whole gale—eased off the following morning, the *Palm Grove* was seemingly out of the race, with the American *Berhampore* close up to the beam of the *Island Bay* and the *Brooklyn* half or three-quarters of a mile astern of the Yankee clipper. With a telescope we could plainly see that the pretty little *Cogeltown* had shortened the distance by half between the *Palm Grove* and herself, and was carrying a crowd of canvas. During the day the gale moderated, and by nightfall the *Berhampore* was half a mile astern of the *Brooklyn*, and the *Island Bay* leading the *Brooklyn* by about five miles. The *Cogeltown* had passed the *Palm Grove*, and both were about fourteen miles astern of our ship.

Seven days later found the *Island Bay* in the doldrums, twenty-nine degrees south of the Equator. The *Palm Grove* and *Brooklyn* lay respectively two miles on the port and starboard sides of the *Island Bay*. The *Berhampore* looked as though she was lashed alongside the *Cogeltown* down on the horizon. So far the competitors in the race had kept wonderfully close together.

Four days afterwards we were in the north-east trade winds, three degrees north of the Equator, our yards braced sharp up on the starboard tack. Strange to say, not one of the other ships was to be seen, even with the telescope. The trade winds were exceptionally strong, and the ship was making very satisfactory progress and promised a record trip from Newcastle to Hong-Kong. The captain was fast recovering from a very severe attack of rheumatic gout, which had confined him to his cabin for the last ten days. On this particular day he asked to be taken on deck to get the fresh air, and was accordingly placed on the shady side of the poop in a comfortable deck-chair. At noon the chief officer and myself took observations, finding the ship just eighteen degrees north of the Equator.

" That's good business, sir," remarked the mate to the captain. " We shall beat the record hollow this trip."

" It points that way," the captain replied, smiling. " But, I say, Ted, give that poor brute of a dog a drink; he seems thoroughly dried up. I have been watching him all the morning, and he staring at me, poor fellow. He mustn't be kept in this baking sun with no water."

" All right, captain; I will attend to him," said the mate. " It is the fault of that lubber who styles himself steward."

Before I went below the captain asked to be taken to his cabin, and I therefore carried him there, remarking as we went that the heat was intense, whereupon he replied that he would be glad when it was sunset.

I had my tiffin, and had been lying down just about two hours when the steward came rushing into my cabin.

" Wake up, sir; wake up, sir!" he cried, wildly. " For Heaven's sake, come on deck!"

With that he rushed off, crying like a child, and paying not the least attention to my shouted questions.

I promptly dived beneath my mattress for my revolver, fully believing that a mutiny must have broken out, although I had no reason for such a thought, our crew being everything that

"The dog uttered one frantic yelp and leaped towards me."

could be desired. As I rushed out on the main deck in my pyjamas I saw a sight that will remain in my memory to my dying day. The steward was perched in the main rigging, the crew and cook in the fore, and as I appeared the dog Lion ran around the forward house, snapping his teeth savagely and foaming at the mouth. His white breast and fore-legs were covered with blood. At once I realized the cause of all the disturbance. The dog had gone mad, and by the blood on him he had apparently attacked someone !

The moment his glaring eyes caught sight of me, standing at the break of the poop, he uttered one frantic yelp and leaped towards me—and his death; for at once I discharged one of the chambers of my revolver. He received the bullet through his right eye and rolled under the main fife-rail, dead.

All this happened in the space of about fifteen seconds. Returning my revolver to my pocket, I rushed toward the poop, for the sails were flat aback, and the ship was driving rapidly astern. But I was too late. Just as I reached the first rung of the poop-ladder the foremast snapped off short at the doublings of the top and lower mast. I gained the poop and rushed frantically to the wheel, only to be too late again; for, just as I grasped the helm, away went the main top-gallant mast, also at the doublings. However, I managed to pay the ship's head off again till she filled on the opposite tack. During this time the helmsman, who had deserted his post and fled up the mizzen rigging for fear of the dog, had returned to the wheel.

" You coward ! " I cried. " The dog is dead long ago, and you could have saved all this dismasting. Here, take this wheel. Where is the mate ? "

" Lying in the starboard alley-way, sir," he meekly replied.

I hurried anxiously in the direction indicated. On turning into the alley-way a sight met my gaze which I trust I may never see again. There lay the unfortunate chief, fearfully mangled, and with his clothes literally torn from his body. It was the work of the mad Newfoundland dog. The poor fellow was still conscious—although obviously past all human help—and when I put my ear to his lips I heard him gasp, " Don't tell mother. Good-bye—good-bye, father ! " From then onwards he lapsed into a state of merciful unconsciousness until he died at midnight.

By this time all the crew had gathered at the poop-ladder. I immediately ordered the boatswain to clear away the wreck, as it was useless to try to hand the yards around and stand the ship on the right tack till this was done. I had just completed giving a few instructions how to proceed, and ordered four hands to carry the mate to the cabin by the main-deck entrance, as it was the most convenient, when the black steward, who had returned to the cabin, came hurriedly toward me and told me that the captain was dead. On reaching the companion-stairs I discovered the captain lying prone at the bottom, apparently lifeless. I knelt beside him and, to my great satisfaction, found him only in a swoon, from which I soon brought him round by administering brandy. He had evidently either heard the cries of the mate or the unusual bustle on the poop, and, leaving his bed, had rushed up the companion-stairs. The effects of the awful sight that met his gaze, coupled with the physical exertion, had been too much for him in his weak state, and he had fallen back in a dead faint to the bottom of the stairs, a distance of ten feet.

Needless to say, the captain's first inquiries were concerning his son.

" How is my poor son ? " he asked. " Did the dog kill him, or is he still living ? "

It was no good beating about the bush with the poor old man, and at last I told him, as gently as I could, that the chief officer had been so badly injured by the frenzied dog that it was impossible for him to recover. At this dreadful news the old gentleman sank back on his pillow again in a faint, and did not recover consciousness until his son had been dead for two hours. When he did his talk was rambling and incoherent.

We committed the mate's body to the deep thirty-six hours after he died, myself reading the burial service. During the previous day the wreckage had all been cut away and hauled aboard, where it was lashed and stowed on deck, and the ship, considering that she was partially dismasted, continued to make good progress. During the following week the captain worked himself into a high fever, and I feared the worst. I took over the entire command of the ship myself, and informed the crew of the step by appointing the boatswain to take charge of the starboard watch, intending still to keep charge of one watch myself and take the ship to Manila, where I could inform her owners of the disaster and await their orders. Meanwhile, the captain began to grow gradually worse, and I feared a total collapse of the brain.

Two days after I had taken charge of the *Island Bay* I sighted a steamer approaching me from the direction in which we were going, so accordingly had my signals ready to communicate with her, and as she made our beam I hoisted the ensign and the ship's number. The steamer promptly replied with a signal asking me to heave my ship to. I at once had the

"Away went the main top-gallant mast."

mizzen yards backed, the steamboat altering her course until we were close to one another. Then a boat left her side containing six men and an officer. On coming alongside the officer informed me that his ship was the *Featherston*, bound from China to New Zealand. His captain, he said, had been asked, if he fell in with any of the five ships that had left Newcastle together, bound for China, to kindly stop them and deliver the orders given him. After telling me this the officer handed me a large sealed envelope, which I then and there opened. It read thus: "Hong-Kong, China, August 14th, 1898. To the ship *Island Bay*, bound to Hong-Kong. Sir, I, George Duncan, shipping-agent, 29, South Street, Hong-Kong, beg to inform you that charterer and owners desire me to inform you to proceed through the Straits. Do not come north about on any consideration unless dismasted or undermanned.—(Signed) GEORGE DUNCAN AND COMPANY."

I asked the officer to convey my thanks to Captain Drake, of the *Featherston*, for his courtesy, at the same time giving him a full account of our unlucky passage. I further requested the officer to signal his captain's advice as to what had better be done regarding Captain McKnight. Shortly

after the *Featherston's* boat had been hoisted in the davits she signalled, " Proceed on landing, or hand captain to first vessel to nearest port, as you are in the track of steamers."

It was possible, therefore, to get the invalid ashore in a very few days, but, sad to relate, the *Featherston* was hardly out of sight when I went to the captain's cabin and found that the poor old man had passed away. This discovery disheartened me greatly, as I had entertained hopes of the captain's recovery, if he could only receive medical attendance in time. I hove the ship to and buried him the next day, reading the burial service again myself. The same day I called a sailor who held a mate's certificate aft and made him chief mate, so as to allow me to be on deck at any time, as this was the typhoon season in the China Seas. Five days after the burial of the poor captain I observed signs of a coming typhoon, so commenced to prepare the *Island Bay* for the fight.

I was pacing the poop awaiting the storm while the ship, under the main lower and fore stay-sails alone, rolled in the trough of the sea in a dead calm, when an appalling thought struck me. There were no shifting boards in the 'tween-deck to prevent the cargo from rolling from side to side of the vessel ! This neglect nearly lost my vessel and every life aboard her, for, as the typhoon struck the *Island Bay* she lay over till her lee rail was under water, and I heard the loud rumbling of the coal in the 'tween-deck and felt the planks quiver beneath my feet. It was impossible to try to wear ship, as my two sails had been torn to shreds directly the hurricane struck us. The ship fell off in the trough of the sea and lay helpless at the mercy of the screaming wind, that blew with a force which actually lifted the water from the ocean to our decks in solid masses. Every moment I expected the good old ship to capsize and take us all to a watery grave, or else that an explosion would take place in the cargo through the shifting and the fact that the hatches had been closed for six days with no outlet for the gas. But the *Island Bay* fought gallantly, though the lifeboats and everything movable were blown or washed away in the pandemonium of the elements.

Before daylight next morning, to our intense relief, the typhoon had passed and a light breeze arose. I squared my yards to it and then set all hands to retrim the cargo. In forty-eight hours things had been put to rights as far as possible, and our once beautiful clipper, presenting a pitiable sight in her battered and dismasted condition, sailed triumphantly past Crididore Island and up the Bay of Manila, coming to an anchor at Cavité, the naval depot for the United States Navy. I communicated with the owners and charterer at once, and received instructions that the vessel would be discharged, repaired, and receive a captain in Manila. The company, as a token of esteem, promoted me to the post of chief officer, and the acting mate was made second officer.

From the agent in Hong-Kong I learned of the arrival of our rivals in the race, the *Palm Grove, Cogeltown*, and *Brooklyn*, the first-named ship beating the second one by four hours and the third by two days. Sad to say, however, after all these years the fate of the *Berhampore* is still unknown, although it is believed she was either blown up or was lost. So ended the great ocean race which began so auspiciously for the *Island Bay* and ended so disastrously. As I follow the plough in my own native New Zealand and reflect on the dreadful events of that voyage, I vow that never again will I go to sea so long as I am able to make " brownie " for the shearers.

After Gold in the "Land of Fire."

By CAPTAIN JAMES BARRACLIFFE.

ILLUSTRATED BY ARCH. WEBB.

The story of an unfortunate prospecting expedition in the inhospitable wilds of Tierra del Fuego. Captain Barracliffe's narrative affords yet another illustration of the irresistible nature of the "lure of the gold" once a man has listened to its call.

F you have ever prospected, ever followed the lure of the yellow goddess of wealth into the unknown, you know the "call of the gold." No doubt, even now, you can think back and picture the places that looked good to you, and still look good to you. A regret comes to you that you didn't satisfy yourself while you were about it as to the certainty of hidden riches or the lack of them.

There is gold in Tierra del Fuego — the inhospitable "Land of Fire," away at the bottom of South America, where big sailing vessels round the Horn. I have seen it, handled it, mined it. Some day, when the insistent call becomes too much for me, I shall try again, travel over the old tracks, and court the yellow goddess in her hidden palaces. One's luck is sure to turn sooner or later, you know; one is bound to win some day if one only keeps on trying long enough. That's what the prospector always says; he can never get the "gold fever" out of his blood.

It's well enough to play the philosopher when there's "nothing doing"; but just let some fellow come along with a rich chunk of ore or a few grains of precious dust and a tale of undeveloped but certain richness. Then at once the luxury and ease of civilized life begin to pall upon you. Above the noises of the bustling city you hear the call of the gold. It beckons you on and on, sometimes to fortune, more often to despair. But, when it comes, all bygone hardships and sufferings, all the failures, all your iron-bound, copper-riveted resolutions to quit the chase go for naught. The old enthusiasm comes back like an overwhelming wave, the microbe gets to work in the blood, and you're off once more.

That is just what happened to me after I thought I had dropped rainbow-chasing for good and all, and had settled down to the consulting end of the game. When I was consulted in the matter of the Tierra del Fuego scheme I had no intention of being interested beyond an advisory capacity.

Old M—— showed a bottle of nuggets just as pretty as you would want to see. He had also an interesting story, and told it well. His ship had been blown ashore in a Cape Horn "souther," and all hands lost but himself. This much of his story was easily verified.

He had been washed up on the southern shore of Hoste Island, on the Chile side of the line. While digging for fresh water with a broken oar, he struck a shallow bed of gravel lying over a hard clay "bed rock." From this bed he picked out nearly a handful of nuggets, running in size from a grain of wheat to one of maize. Besides the bottle, he still had, in a buckskin bag, about an ounce of wash-gold that was certainly alluring.

At first I declined to do more than advise. But the men who proposed to back the scheme were friends of clients of mine, and the offer they made was generous rather than fair. So I dug out my prospecting kit, or such part of it as I could use on this trip. This was a sea-going prospecting expedition, so, instead of pack-saddles, canteens, and other dry-land equipment, it required a web-footed outfit.

Within two weeks I was in New York City, all equipment complete. With me were M—— and a young German named R——, who was financially interested. Without a doubt he was the most useless piece of humanity for such an enterprise that it would be possible to find. At the time, however, I did not suspect this; but his uselessness developed at critical points with disastrous results. Had I suspected the fatal part this young man was to play in the trip, I would have left him at one of the ports *en route.*

We stayed for a fortnight at Buenos Aires,

where I was courteously received by the Minister of Mines. He placed at my disposal full information regarding the beach-washings on the Argentine side of the line, and very kindly gave me letters to a Government official stationed at Parano, on the island of Tierra del Fuego. We returned to Montevideo and outfitted with food supplies and tools; then we sailed for Puenta Arenas, Chile, the southernmost town on the South American continent. There are camps farther south, but none worthy of the name of "town." All supplies and equipment for work projected in this wild country had to be shipped from this place.

Owing to the stupid volubility of R—— our advent into the town was heralded, and we were soon "easy marks" for all the "grafters" in the place. They all had something to sell—mining outfits, supplies, boats, information, and maps of localities containing so-called rich deposits. They offered anything and everything that I did not want, nothing that I did, and all at exorbitant charges. It seemed to me that fifty per cent. of the male inhabitants of that raw town at that time lived by "grafting."

There were two boats available that would have answered our purpose—one a fifty-foot schooner and the other a sloop. The owners, however, were hard to deal with, and before I had made very much progress in arranging a charter I saw evidences of a combine to hold out for high prices.

Taking a hint from our friend, I sent M—— to the Argentine port of Gallegas to see what he could find in the way of transportation. At the end of fifteen days he was back with a thirty-ton sloop called the *Buscano*, Captain Ortiz, which sailed under the Chilian flag. She was hardly large enough for the party I wished to take, consisting of M——, R——, myself, Captain Ortiz, two sailors, one of whom served as cook, and two strapping Chilians whom I hired in Puenta Arenas for rough work.

I was very much amused at the efforts of the two local sailing masters who had been so exorbitant in their demands. When they saw the *Buscano* drop anchor, they immediately tried to fix up a charter with me. The arrival of the third vessel broke the combine, and the prices asked for charter came tumbling to a reasonable figure. But I only smiled at their offers, although I kept a sharp look-out to see that they did not enter into a combine with Ortiz to prevent my sailing.

The weather was unusually fair for early September, and, as the summer season—or, rather, the fair-weather season—seldom lasts for more than three months, I decided to make every day count.

At dawn on September 3rd we sailed away to the south through the Straits of Magellan, down through the Cockburn Channel into the Antarctic Ocean, past the Beagle Channel, around the western point of Hoste Island, and then east to the south side.

Our boat, though small, was staunch, and it was necessary that she should be, for these troubled waters are among the wildest and most tempestuous to be found anywhere on the globe.

The treacherous currents, viciously churning over hidden reefs; the sudden hurricanes, or "willi-waws," as they term the wicked squalls that overtake the hapless mariner, keep the voyager continuously on the look-out. As the charts are poor and unreliable, he has to steer his way by landmarks and frequent guesses. Often his vision is obscured by fog, driving rain, or snow. It is precarious navigation, yet this inhospitable archipelago has been extensively prospected by men in twenty-foot cat-boats, and Indians in open canoes are often met with.

We had considerable difficulty in finding the location M—— had described. Quite by accident we turned a point and entered a bay that looked familiar to him. On investigation we found that we had discovered the right spot. The bay was sheltered from the north and west winds, but was open to the south and east. In winter this would be a dangerous place to anchor on account of the cruel and relentless "southers" that roar up from the Antarctic icefields; in summer, however, they are not so prevalent. We hoped to lie at anchor here in safety until we could test the placer-ground and decide whether to land our outfit or seek another location.

We let go both mudhooks, which found good holding-ground, and, paying out plenty of cable, rode easily while we landed the prospecting tools and enough supplies for a short stay ashore.

R—— was left behind with the two sailors to watch for squalls. He objected to this arrangement; but, being the least useful of our party, I felt he would be out of harm's way, and insisted upon his staying aboard.

Aided by the captain, M——, and two Chilanos, we carried the tools to an alluvial flat about a half-mile from shore. Here we made a camp and prepared to sink prospect-holes to test the gravel.

I did not find the gravel as M—— had described it, though, on account of it having been a shallow, the rains and floods of the three years following the shipwreck might have changed the surface. However, we did find the remains of the rude shelter he had erected and other indications sufficient to prove that he had been there. Among these were included the shattered boat to which he had clung when washed up by the waves.

The country, both on the hillside and down into the flats, was covered with a dense growth of evergreen beeches and magnolia brush, rendering prospecting away from the beaches or stream beds extremely tiresome work.

It took me several days to lay out the preliminary testing I wished to do, and in the meantime I put the Chilians to the work of digging for black sand deposits on the beach. M—— knew nothing of these deposits, but so far most of the gold found in this region has come from the beach. After a time the men uncovered a likely-looking deposit under several feet of sand. Such deposits can only be worked at low tide and in fair weather.

My tests showed a nice string of " colours " in the pan, and as I had provided copper plates, mercury, and magnets for working this kind of stuff in sluices, I decided to put part of our little force to work on it while I outlined by tests the alluvial ground selected farther inland.

For two weeks we made borings over a large tract of creek bottom, with fair results. I decided to move the equipment and supplies ashore and send the sloop to a more sheltered spot in charge of the captain and one sailor, with orders to return for us at a stated time. R—— and the two sailors were still aboard, keeping a look-out for sudden squalls. The day after my decision was made was calm—suspiciously so. I determined to seize this opportunity to land our supplies.

On visiting the spot where the men were sinking a prospect-hole, I found the showings so rich that I was reluctant to leave. It was late in the afternoon when I reached the beach again. The weather had changed suddenly, and a mist was rolling in from the south. On the beach I found R——, who, against strict orders, had come ashore in a boat. He complained of being tired of the sloop, and said he wished to stretch his legs on land. As he had frequently been on shore, he really had little to complain of.

As we talked a " souther " came roaring up from the Antarctic, and the breakers began to roll in. The angry sea made it impossible for R—— to return to the sloop.

We watched the little *Buscano* pitch and toss on the tempestuous waters, but there was no sign of life on board. This R—— explained. He had tapped a keg of Chilian claret in the cargo, kept for emergencies. In all probability the sailors were intoxicated and had fallen asleep. As we watched, through the flying spume and mist we could see our staunch little vessel pitch and strain, now rising into plain sight on the top of some mighty roller, now sinking into the trough until only the topmast could be seen.

All night the storm raged. Vainly we watched through the flying spray for a light that would indicate life on board. We kept up a roaring fire on the beach, hoping to encourage the storm-tossed men. But when morning dawned there was no sign of our brave little vessel upon the troubled waters. She had gone to her doom, carrying with her the two unfortunate sailors.

This disaster was appalling. We searched for the two bodies, but after two days of fruitless effort gave up hope. The sailors had gone down with the *Buscano* to an ocean grave.

Some odds and ends of wreckage floated ashore, but we found scarcely any food fit to eat. We were now reduced to the supplies brought on land for the temporary camp. A hurried inventory showed that we had barely enough rations to last us for a week. It was imperative that something be done at once to find a way out of our predicament.

A council was immediately called. There were only two places in that region to which we could look for relief. One was a mining camp to the south-west, known as Tekenika; the other was Ushuaia, the capital of Argentine Tierra del Fuego, a very small village on Beagle Channel, to the north-east. The former might have been abandoned; no one of the party had ever been there, and little was known of its location, except that it was on the coast to the south-west. Ushuaia was farther away than Tekenika, and to get there we should have to cross the island, through the trackless forest. We discussed the possibilities of the two routes. At length I found that the Chilians were afraid of going inland; they dreaded getting lost in the dense woods, meeting wild Indians, and the unknown generally. If they could follow the shore, they said, they felt sure of making their destination, and were willing to take their chances of finding relief when they arrived at Tekenika.

In an emergency of this kind, I deemed it advisable that they should follow their own desires. For myself, I decided with M—— and R—— to make for Ushuaia, where I was sure of finding some assistance. It was further agreed that, in the event of either party getting out alive, they would send immediate assistance to the other.

Both the Chilian and Argentine Governments maintain small steamers that cruise about through these channels on official business, and I hoped to pick up one of these at some point on Beagle Channel.

Our route meant a trip through the unknown and untravelled wilderness, our only guide a compass, our equipment only such as we could carry on our backs, and consisting of the barest necessities—a blanket and rubber poncho, one revolver, and a machete apiece; one rifle, a pair

of binoculars, one axe, a small skillet and coffee-pot, some bacon and coffee, some pilot bread in a waterproof bag, and the clothes we stood in. These things completed our kit.

For a mile we journeyed together in one party. Then our routes parted. Captain Ortiz and the two Chilians decided to follow the beach to the east, while we turned away from the sea and made a trail along a creek in a north-easterly direction.

As I bade Captain Ortiz good-bye we shook hands. He held mine as he crossed himself reverently, and with bared head muttered a prayer. Evidently he thought it was the last he would see of any of us, and that we would surely be overcome by the unknown horrors that lurked within the sinister depths of the luxuriant forest that covered the hills.

R—— was almost overcome with fear; he was in a "blue funk," in fact. It was necessary to talk roughly to him to stir up any latent sense of manhood that might lurk within his make-up. He wanted to follow Captain Ortiz, believing the beach route to be more open and less dangerous, but this I would not allow. I felt sure that, should he show any signs of giving out, they would leave him to his fate, and I felt responsible for his safe return.

At first the travelling was easy. The valley was fairly open, well grassed, and free from trees. It was more like a big park than anything else, and, the day being bright, R—— soon regained his spirits.

After about two hours' travel, the sombre woods began to close in on us, and we were soon fighting our way through a dense growth of beeches and magnolia brush. By sticking close to the stream and travelling at times through the shallow reaches, stepping from stone to stone or wading, we made fair progress; but darkness came on early. Then we cleared a place in the brush, built a fire, and partook of a meal of bread and coffee. Rolling up in our blankets and ponchos, we were soon lost in slumber.

I felt safe from any possible attack; the forest seemed too dense to be penetrated, even by a greased Indian. We were awakened during the night by a drenching downpour of rain, but, sheltering ourselves as well as we could under our rubber ponchos, we made the best of things. After what seemed an interminable night, morning came, cold and wet. A "souther" was driving in sheets of rain and snow. The dense vegetation sheltered us from the blasts, and though wet and cold, we followed as well as we could the general direction pointed out by the compass.

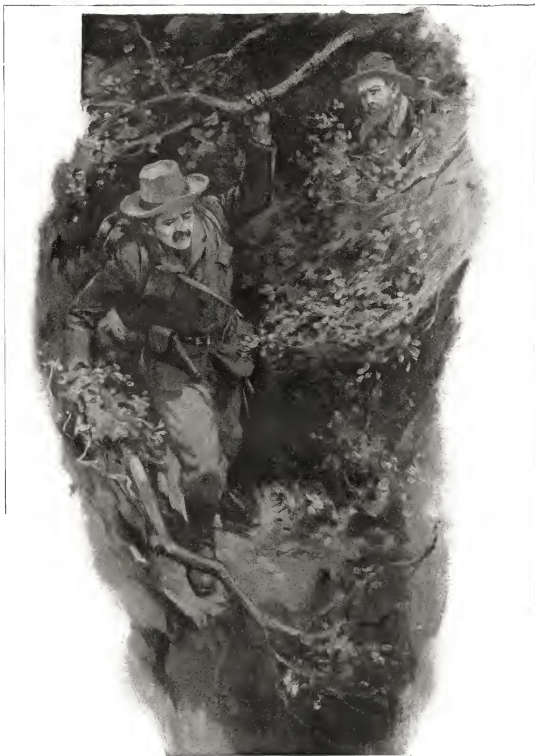
All day we groped in the fog and driving mists of rain, and, although we struggled valiantly and worked incessantly with axe and machete, I do not think we covered more than eight or ten miles. It was a wet, dreary camp that we made that night, and R—— grumbled much. Only the fear of being left alone in the forest kept him to his work. His whining and complaining were almost continuous, and after a time they upset M——'s nerves. I had some difficulty in restraining him from overreaching my authority and administering some well-merited chastisement.

The third morning opened clear and bright. The timber was growing more stunted, and my aneroid barometer showed an elevation of nearly a thousand feet. In a few hours we emerged from the forest, and found ourselves on the shores of a small but beautiful lake. It was heavily clothed with a bushy growth on one side. The other was open, with a beach and grassy shores along which we travelled, much relieved after our gropings in the dense forest. In a few more hours we reached the summit of a divide, and could look across the undulating landscape of forest-covered, precipitous hills. In the distance we could see a large body of water, but whether it was a lake or an arm of the sea we could not tell. The mists began to roll up, and soon obscured our view.

Fatigued as I was, I could not resist a casual examination of a jutting quartz ledge that had been exposed by a recent landslide. Specimens knocked from the ledge and broken from the "float" lying about showed free gold in dissemination; but without a loss of time I could not determine the width and extent of the vein. Our food supply was already low. We were in the heart of an unknown land, with starvation staring us in the face; and since leaving the beautiful valley traversed in the first stage of our journey, I had seen no trace of any animal.

I made a few rough notes on the occurrence of the quartz, and we hastened on. Just then life was more valuable to us than all the gold that inhospitable region could supply. In the few minutes of clear weather I was able to make a mental note of the configuration of the country before me, and to pick out a route to the sea. It did not, however, lie in the exact direction I would have liked to follow.

I had some difficulty in getting M—— away from the quartz ledge. Fatigued as we were, with unknown labours before us, he wished to carry away samples of the ore. I allowed him to burden himself with as much as he wanted, but refused to permit him to load R—— in like manner. R—— was listless, and did not share his enthusiasm. I would not take any samples



"I reached what seemed to be a hole in the rock floor."

for myself, much to the disgust of the excited gold-hunter.

In the face of a heavy mist, we started down the north slope of the divide, following the edge of the timber. We were soon wet to the skin, but stumbled on, groping our way by means of the compass. Plunging into the timber, we followed a stream for convenience' sake, feeling sure that it must ultimately bring us to salt water. When the water became too deep and the current too strong for comfortable wading, we travelled along the banks. In places the growth of brush was so dense that it was only with the greatest difficulty that we could force a passage. While fighting our way through a particularly stiff patch of this brush my attention was arrested by a low, ominous roar. At first I could not make out the cause. We were then in a narrow canyon, with high, precipitous walls. The noise grew stronger as we struggled on, and I became convinced that there must be a waterfall of considerable proportions ahead of us.

I proceeded cautiously and warned the other two. R——, however, had found an easier passage, and was recklessly charging into the brush regardless of consequences. I was about to caution him again when we were startled by a cry. For a second I stood still; the only sound to be heard above the roaring was the rushing of the stream over its rocky bed and a rustle behind me—M—— laboriously making his way through the tangled brush. Shouting to him, I hurried forward. I could see nothing but the heavy growth around us and the fallen trunk of an immense beech tree. Jumping upon this, I cleared away the branches and climbed along it. I caught sight of a broken branch, which looked as if R—— might have fallen into the matted boughs. I worked vigorously with the machete and cleared an opening. Below the trunk I could see more foliage, but no sign of the missing man. M—— joined me, but no trace did we find.

The roar of a waterfall close by deafened us, and the foliage was wet with flying spray. So far as the eye could reach there was nothing but brush. We continued our search at a little distance from each other.

Presently a shout from M—— came to me above the roar of the water. Following the direction whence the sound came, but with great caution, I reached what seemed to be a hole in the rock floor. Only by grasping a friendly bough had he saved himself from falling into it.

We soon cleared a space with our machetes, and saw that we were standing on the rocky rim of a precipice which had been masked by the overhanging brush and branches.

Descent at this place was impossible, and we began a feverish hunt for a way to get down and offer assistance to poor R——, who had evidently fallen through. As we had heard no sound from him, we feared the worst.

We struggled to the right until our progress was stopped by the precipitous rocky walls of the canyon; then we turned to the left and worked across the river, although we were forced to go up-stream for a considerable distance, in order to make a safe crossing. Then we followed the canyon wall and, just at the edge of the precipice, found a jutting beech, gnarled and stunted, that offered a foothold around the edge and on to the steeply-sloping cliff of loose rock. Here the way was more open, and we scrambled down to a ledge about forty feet below the rim of the precipice. Following this back to the stream, we worked our way around a point and beheld a magnificent waterfall. Straight down from the edge the water leaped into a black pool that seethed and churned a hundred feet below.

Intent upon our quest, we took scant time to view the majestic beauty of the scene. The roar was such that it was impossible to make oneself heard. From where we stood we could see that there was a cave-like hollow behind the falls—worn, no doubt, by the attrition of falling water on the softer formation that seemed to underlie the granite rim. By cautiously following along the ledge we came to the edge of the falls.

R—— lay somewhere on the other side, and we must get to him. The edge upon which we had been making our way broke off abruptly. M——, by rolling some heavy loose boulders, opened up a scant foothold on to a narrow shelving ledge that led into a recess under the falls.

For a moment we hesitated. The rocks were slippery and moss-covered; lush weeds and grass grew where there was soil enough. The only feasible way seemed to lead into the recess under the roaring waterfall. It looked dangerous, uncanny. M—— insisted upon leading the way. As a precaution we cut a long, whip-like pole with which we could steady each other over slippery places.

The first dozen yards or so were over a sliding, slippery mass of flat rocks that had been scaled by the action of the elements from the rim-rocks above.

At one place we were so close to the falling water that we could have touched it with an outstretched hand. The air suction was dangerous, and we rounded the point without delay. We then came upon a sloping bank free from loose rock and comparatively soft. Into this M—— dug foot-holes with the point of his

machete, and we worked our way along until, slowly and surely, we came to the other side. At the centre the space behind the falls was hollowed out to a considerable depth, but the din and vibration—or "air hammer" — due to the falling water were almost unbearable. For relief we had to put our fingers into our ears. After a short rest we started on. Regardless of the urgency of the case, M—— hesitated long enough to scratch his initials and the date in the soft wall rock with the point of his machete.

I doubt if the inscription will ever be seen by mortal eye; but it seemed to appeal to his vanity. I was interested in noting how a trivial thing will thrust itself upon a man's attention even under great stress.

We worked our way onward and soon stood on solid ground. We could still see no sign of R——. Backwards and forwards we searched through the gathering darkness. Finally M—— climbed up the sloping hillside as far as he could. Then looking down, he saw before him, resting on a mass of foliage, the body of R——. Shouting to me to come, he made his way to the brush. I followed him closely, and by using our machetes vigorously we soon had our companion on the ground beside us. He was quite unconscious. We found that he had fallen fully thirty feet, landing in a tree-top. A stiff limb had broken off, the jagged end slipping beneath the roll of blankets he was carrying tied diagonally over his shoulder. His weight had bent the tree

"At one place we were so close to the falling water that we could have touched it."

over, and he alighted softly on the shorter brush beneath. There he lay unconscious, but uninjured, until we found him.

He soon revived, and when M——, with little gentleness, convinced him that he was not really dead, nor even injured, we made our way in the gathering darkness to the pool at the foot of the falls.

It was useless to try to proceed that night. Around the pool there was but little brush, due to the fact that there was no soil for anything to grow upon, it being all hard rock.

We ate our bacon raw. Everything, including ourselves, being water-soaked, a fire was out of the question. So we passed a miserable night on the bare, wet rock. Though we were worn out, the incessant roar of the waterfall made sleep impossible. R—— complained, as usual; but there was no relief. Finally the cold, grey dawn came. As soon as it was possible to see, we left those thundering falls behind us and made our way down-stream.

After a time we found some semblance of a track, which afforded a welcome relief after our arduous labours in penetrating the untrodden wilderness. At the first suitable place where we could find dry wood we halted, built a fire, and made some coffee from our precious store. This, with a few slices of bacon, made us feel somewhat refreshed. The weather had brightened up, and life seemed worth living again. Even R——, for the moment, stopped grumbling.

Following the path for what seemed about a mile, we rounded a bend in the trail, and were surprised to see before us a body of water. No doubt it was Beagle Channel. The waters, ruffled by a gentle breeze from the north, sparkled in the clear sunshine. As we drew near to the shore, M——, who was in the lead, held up a warning hand and quickly unslung the rifle he carried. Taking careful aim at some object, he fired. Then, passing me the rifle, he rushed down to the beach, picking up a stout club on his way. I could see some dark grey object floundering on the beach. M—— attacked it vigorously, and when it finally ceased its struggles I saw that it was a seal. I had never eaten seal-meat, but almost anything clean was a welcome addition to our sorely-depleted larder. So, with a machete, we cut off a big chunk of the meat, and, taking a slender branch from a near-by beech, M—— ran it through a slit in the meat to make the carrying easier.

The trail turned again, and to our surprise we suddenly burst upon an Indian camp. Grouped about an open fire sat several Yahgan men and a boy. There were no women in evidence, and I saw no signs of a canoe. As a peace-offering we presented the seal-meat. Although they appeared surly at first, this offer brought about a better feeling. One of the men, a fine, strapping fellow, wearing the remains of an old pair of dungaree trousers and nothing else, shouted something in guttural jargon, which brought out from the bushes a woman carrying a child. There were evidently others where she came from. Taking the meat, she proceeded to boil it in a big shell, but not before the men had each sliced off a piece to eat raw.

We explained that the seal lay on the beach. Nodding assent, the man spoke again to someone unseen.

We still felt a little doubtful as to our reception; but, although the Yahgans did not apparently understand our language, they were quick to grasp the meaning of signs. I used the sign language I had learned among the Sioux of the Dakotas many years before. It is a language all Indians understand, and the Yahgans were more apt with it than some of the tribes who rank above them in intelligence.

After a short time two squaws came in, bearing most of the seal. One was old and wrinkled, the other plump and almost pretty, having straight, black hair, large, expressive, merry eyes, and small hands and feet.

As the women appeared with their burden R——, who had been standing by the fire, backed away, watching them intently. Blunderingly, as usual, he backed over a log, lost his balance, and fell flat on his back into the brush. So ludicrous were his frantic efforts to regain his feet that, with one accord, the Indians burst into hearty laughter. It was infectious, and, strained and nerve-racked as we had been for a week, the laugh acted as a tonic. Relaxing, we joined in whole-heartedly. I was somewhat astonished to hear these Indians laugh, as I had been told that they were morose and treacherous. While we still felt that vigilance was necessary, we were more at ease.

M—— sat upon one side of the fire and I upon the other, so as to guard against a surprise. The Indians, however, did not seem to fear us; in fact, they paid little attention to our movements.

The women prepared a meal of cooked seal-flesh and a dish of mashed berries. Everyone ate by dipping the fingers into the general dish and conveying the food to the mouth. The meat was decidedly oily, with a strong fishy flavour, but not unclean. The berries had a peculiar tart taste. I discovered that they were the fruit of the *Berberis aquifolia*, sometimes called the "Oregon grape."

After the meal was over we tried to make the men understand that they must guide us to Ushuaia. By signs they explained that this was

impossible, as they had no canoe. By means of the sign language they also made us understand that a week before a steamer, evidently a Government boat, had passed up the channel, and only the day previous a sail-boat had gone to the west. They told us to wait four days—making a sweeping motion across the heavens with the hands, to signify a day, and laying a short stick on the ground for each sweep until the four sticks lay side by side. Then a motion was made to indicate the direction we wished to take to the east and down the channel.

A hut was pointed out to us which was for our use. It was a crude affair, conical in shape, made of sticks, and covered with dry grass and foliage. The hut was about five feet high. Just within the door smouldered the embers of a fire. The earth had been scooped out, and the ground was partially covered with dry grass. Compared with our sleeping quarters for the past week, the place was palatial.

R—— promptly crawled in and went to sleep. I insisted that M—— should do so also. I thought it best that one of us should keep watch during the night. Towards evening the mists rolled up, followed by rain. I was informed that bad weather would last three days, and then the canoe would come back and take us to Ushuaia. While I did not relish the delay, we were fairly comfortable, and, not caring to brave the fatigues of the trackless forest again, I decided to wait for fair weather and the canoe.

We gathered a large pile of firewood, and, by utilizing one of the rubber blankets and spreading it over one side of the hut, we kept out both wind and rain and made it very comfortable within.

Although I felt completely worn out with loss of sleep and hard travel, I decided to sit up for a few hours, and then call M—— to keep watch for the remainder of the night. R——, I knew, could not be trusted to stay awake.

Making a comfortable seat for myself, I sat beside the fire. The storm without thrashed and blustered and moaned. The patter of the raindrops on the roof of the hut must have lulled me to sleep. Tired Nature could hold out no longer, and, reckless of my charge, I passed into oblivion. Suddenly I awakened with a cold shudder as of a knife thrust down the back of my neck. For a second thoughts of Indian treachery and an attack flashed through my mind. But it was only the effect of stiffened muscles, due to the strained position of my head.

M—— and R—— still slept. I looked outside and saw that the rain had settled into a steady drizzle. The grey dawn was just breaking. Feeling sure that my vigilance was no longer necessary, I made a place for myself and lay down for a comfortable sleep. As the Indians had said, the storm lasted for three days. Then came the canoe, and in two more days we were at Ushuaia.

The Indians were suitably rewarded with presents of fish spears, an axe, and other useful things. Clothing they did not care for, except as a means of decoration. The boy was fitted out, much to his disgust, with various contributions from the men about the governor's office. However, as soon as he could get away from his kind, but misguided friends, he promptly discarded the habiliments of civilization, and, instead, tied around his waist by a string a guanaco skin with the hairy side turned outwards. These natives are evidently immune to cold. The governor also made a donation to the Indians, and upon the leader—he of the dungaree trousers—he bestowed a copper coin hung by a string around his neck. It was a sort of Carnegie medal, I suppose, and occasioned considerable comment among the other members of the tribe. The party had only brought one old woman with them to do their cooking, and they did not stay long. Plainly the white man's civilization had little charm for them.

The governor, after hearing the complete history of our experiences, ordered a sail-boat to be sent out to look for the other members of our prospecting party. We spent ten days cooped up in a little frame shack that was very kindly placed at our disposal while we waited for the Argentine Government supply steamer. On this we embarked for a tempestuous passage of nearly a week. The steamer stopped with supplies at various points, most of which appeared to be uninhabited. Finally we arrived at Puenta Arenas again.

As it was too late to make another trip that season, I decided to return to New York. M——, however, could not turn his back upon the quartz ledge we had discovered, so he determined to go to Buenos Aires and try to secure the capital necessary for further explorations. At Montevideo he left me, taking with him letters to friends who, I thought, would be helpful to him in his project of developing the new find. But he never accomplished his purpose. An attack of enteric fever, contracted soon after his arrival, brought his earthly efforts to an end.

I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw R—— safely on the train for home, where he stayed. One prospecting trip was enough for him.

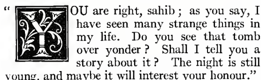
It was a rough and unfortunate experience; but as I look back upon it now, with the raw edge of the hardships worn off, I catch myself still thinking of that unexplored ledge of quartz and the other fascinations of that wild, inhospitable region of Tierra del Fuego. It is the call of the gold, and some day I may have to obey the summons.

The Haunted Tomb.

By C. H. SHANAN, Assoc.M.Inst.C.E.

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK WRIGHT.

The author writes: "This story was told to me by the headman of Malout, a village in the Southern Punjab when I was an assistant engineer in the Irrigation Branch of the Indian Public Works Department. Several officers of the Salt Department have assured me that the narrative is true in every detail."



"YOU are right, sahib; as you say, I have seen many strange things in my life. Do you see that tomb over yonder? Shall I tell you a story about it? The night is still young, and maybe it will interest your honour."

So spoke Harnam Singh, the old *lambardar* (headman) of Malout, as we sat on the parapet of the canal bridge one hot, stifling night in June some fifteen years ago.

The old Customs preventive line, a high, thick thorn hedge, that stretched for miles north and south, ran on one side of the canal. This line was intended to check the smuggling of salt that had not paid Government duty from the native States into British territory. It extended from the Sutlej, near Fazilka, along the borders of British territory, to the frontiers of Berar, and was guarded by a chain of posts manned by native peons, under the supervision of European officers. The system has been abolished now for many, many years, but the hedge still exists in a few places in the Southern Punjab.

In the background, set in a treeless, undulating sea of sand, were clustered the mud huts of the villagers, raised high above the tank dug to supply the sun-baked bricks with which they were built. Numerous black blotches in the water showed where the buffaloes were wallowing to escape the tender attentions of the sand-flies and mosquitoes, unheeding the opprobrious epithets heaped upon them and their remote ancestors by the naked lads playing near the margin. The hot air quivered as the heat rose from the earth, and made one think with an intense longing of blue hills and snow-capped peaks.

About a hundred yards away, in the shelter of the hedge, stood a small, mosque-like tomb, covered with a dome; hundreds of similar structures are to be seen scattered all over the country. It was this place to which the old headman had directed my attention; and here is the strange story he told me concerning it.

It is now many years ago, sahib, probably when your presence was a babe in arms, that a rumour got spread about that this tomb was haunted. The rumour soon grew to a certainty, for Gunda Singh himself was one of the first to see the *bhut* (ghost) while coming home late one night from his fields, and he told his wife and me. He was shaking like a leaf, and had I not been with him at Ferozeshah and known of his pluck from experience I would have said that he was a coward. When he had recovered from his fright, and could keep his teeth from chattering as if he had the ague, he described it to us. He had been to his *makki* (Indian corn) field as usual, but had been delayed there in an altercation with Ram Lal, the usurious old money-lender of the village, and it was long past sunset when he started to return.

His land, as your honour knows, lies about half a mile from here on the salt road. He came along this road singing, as is our custom, to frighten away the tree-demons, but as he neared the tomb a terrible howl struck him mute, and on glancing around he saw, by the corner of the tomb, the flaming head of a *bhut*. "It was a veritable *shitan* (devil)," said he to us, "with no body at all—just a head only, framed in white and green fire, from which two red eyes stood out distinct and appalling, steadily fixed on me. May I eat dirt, Harnam Singh," he added, "if I speak not the truth." Gunda Singh noted all

"An awful head, a bright, whitish-green light enveloping it, out of which gleamed two savage red eyes."

this in a second, and then he ran, and ran hard, till he got home.

Two or three evenings later we were all sitting at the *dharmsala* (meeting-place of the village elders), discussing matters, when Gurditta Singh and his wife's brother burst in amongst us, breathless and speechless with running and fear, and told us between gasps that they had seen a terrible *bhut* on the salt road. They had been to Alamwala and were returning when, just as they passed the tomb, there suddenly emerged from out of the shadow a *shitan* as big as a buffalo, with head and shoulders darting flames. It had a huge, grinning mouth, out of which lolled a red tongue dripping with fresh blood. It passed quite close to them, fortunately not seeing them, and went through the hedge without making the slightest noise. They were rooted to the spot with terror, but when it had gone out of sight they ran as fast as they could to the *dharmsala* to tell us.

Others then saw it, *huzoor*, and each time it was different in its appearance, so that no two accounts agreed, except in the matter of its flaming head and shoulders. To some it was the size of a large dog, to others that of a buffalo, and even once as tall as a camel, but I think terror made the man who saw it that time greatly exaggerate its size. As a rule it took the form of an animal, but when Gurditta Singh's wife beheld it, it resembled a man; and it must have cast some sort of a spell on her, for she has never since been quite right in her mind. Others, again, only heard fearful and blood-curdling screams at night; I myself heard these, and I assure you, *huzoor*, they haunted me in my dreams for many a night after. The tomb was avoided by everyone, not a man would go near it after dark, and as for the women and children —well, you had only to mention it to reduce a refractory wife or child to immediate and quiet obedience! You laugh, sahib; I know that you do not believe in *bhuts*, but I have seen not one, but three, and I have met some sahibs who do believe in them. I've heard tell, too, that your *bhuts* write and knock on tables. This is, indeed, a marvellous thing.

Esmith Sahib was the patrol (officer) here then, and, though he laughed as your honour does at the stories told, he believed them, I think.

Just about this time the usual attempts at salt-smuggling ceased, and it was very dull for me and the other hot-heads of Malout, for there were then no nightly fights such as occurred when we joined Esmith Sahib and his *chaprassis* (peons) against the low-caste Bagris, and the *lathis* (quarter-staffs) were used and skulls broken. Well, your presence, to continue. After a while the salt men found out, by means of spies and informers, that, though the smugglers made no attempts to break through the line openly, still a great deal of salt was somehow coming across from Bikanir, and the patrols were extra watchful. But in spite of all their efforts it continued, and even grew worse. Esmith Sahib was fat, and used to be very short-tempered; but he found out nothing, so they sent him to Dabwali and put Ugecome (Edgecombe) Sahib here. He was young and a great *shikaree;* but though he tried hard the salt still came over, and now they knew well that it crossed the line close by here. Ugecome Sahib swore many times, especially when the *dak* (post) came in every day, and would then watch and lay traps for the smugglers, but all in vain.

It was the beginning of the cold weather and the grouse were just coming in; for the last few days the air was filled with their musical calls as they winged their way from the cool uplands where they had spent the summer breeding, and returned to their winter feeding-grounds. As I have said before, the sahib was a keen *shikaree,* and his heart was glad within him. Every evening he went for a long walk, taking his gun. It was lonely for him, and, like your honour, he loved to hear stories of my many experiences, so I generally accompanied him and carried the game-bag.

One evening we wandered farther than usual, and it was late when we started to return. Darkness sets in rapidly in the cold weather, as you know, and, as there was no moon, by the time we struck the line it was pitch-black. I had been telling the story of the haunted tomb and what Gunda Singh had seen, when, just as we came abreast of it, a most blood-curdling cry broke the stillness—a cry I cannot describe, sahib; it turned my blood to water. Then, lo! out of the deep blackness of the hedge stole a fearsome thing. Imagine an animal-like creature, larger than the largest dog, with long, brindled hair. It was not the body of it, however, that frightened me, but the awful head; a bright, whitish-green light enveloped it, out of which gleamed two savage red eyes. The light was not of this earth, sahib, for it moved and quivered and seemed just to float around the head. Never in my life have I beheld such a thing, and I was rigid where I stood, with my turban rising off my head. For a second the thing stood staring at us with those awful eyes, then turned and ran towards the tomb. A bang, followed by another, broke the silence; Ugecome Sahib had fired both barrels at it, but too late, for it went right through the wall and disappeared. We ran up, the sahib cursing under his breath and very excited, I still shaking with

"He was lying just inside near the mouth of the tunnel, quite dead."

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a great fear, for to annoy a *bhut* brings bad luck, and my first grandson was but a week old. We searched carefully as best we could in the intense darkness, the sahib striking match after match, but found nothing.

"Look you, Harnam Singh," said he, "that was no *bhut* at all; it is some trick, and we are going to find it out. I have an idea we shall find the salt-smugglers in this; but we must move slowly and catch them if possible. To-morrow night you and I will sit here and keep watch. You are not afraid; a Singh fears nothing."

I *was* afraid—terribly afraid, *huzoor*—but even if a Singh is afraid he does not show it, and never backs out of danger. We returned then to the bungalow.

The next night the sahib and I stole out, not telling anyone where we were going, and quietly took up our stand in the deep shadow of a *kikar* tree close to the tomb. Hour after hour went by; the sahib was getting impatient, and we were just going to give it up for that night, when suddenly the awful cry broke out on the still air; it came so suddenly that we both started violently. Thrice was it repeated, and then from under the hedge appeared the *bhut*. It stood for a while and seemed to be looking at us.

The magical light around its head and mouth was stronger than ever, and truly, your presence, it made me tremble with fear, for I believed it to be a *bhut* in spite of what Ugecome Sahib said. It seemed an age to me before he sighted and fired. With another fearful cry the thing turned and staggered to the tomb, where, as on the night before, it went through the wall and was lost to sight. We had brought a lantern this time, and on lighting it and searching about we discovered a hole in the foundations, carefully hidden by some cactus. I pulled this away, and the sahib, without any hesitation, scrambled into the hole, calling on me to follow. We groped our way along, but the hole or tunnel was very small, and it was with the utmost difficulty we could wriggle through.

At last, when I was nearly suffocated and my eyes and mouth were filled with sand, we came out inside the tomb under the dome. Then we saw the *bhut*—he was lying just inside near the mouth of the tunnel, quite dead. But even then he would have made a brave man run, for the ghostly light still quivered around his head, and a ghastly grin showed a row of huge teeth dripping blood and froth. What was it, you ask, *huzoor?* Why, only a hyena, after all! But he was a huge brute, with some devilish magic stuff on his head and jaws, which, in the dark, gave him a terrible appearance.*

A laugh caused me to turn, and there was Ugecome Sahib waving the lantern and looking much pleased. "Lo! Harnam Singh," said he, "what do you think this is? Was I not right last night?" and then I saw what had made him so glad. For the tomb was full of nothing but salt; there it was in a great heap from the floor to the top of the dome. Only a small space near the hole was kept clear.

My tale is now told, *huzoor*, for the remainder is nothing. The mystery of the salt-smugglers was explained, but they were never caught, for one of the gang must have been close by from the start, and he gave the alarm to the rest. It appears, however, that they had fixed on this place for their enterprise; they got a hyena, tamed it, and trained it to live in this tomb and just wander about near it at nights. With some kind of paint they gave it that fearful appearance which frightened so many of us. Afterwards, when no one would venture near the tomb for fear of the *bhut*, the salt-smugglers started using it as a storehouse. One lot would bring the salt from Bikanir up to the other side of the line, and when darkness came and the coast was clear smuggle it across—they had a carefully-concealed hole in the hedge—and store it in the tomb. The peons were too frightened of the *bhut* to go near this part of their beats, so the smugglers were quite safe. The men on this side would then remove it when they got a chance, and the others would return for more.

It was an unnatural way of smuggling, I admit, but what can you expect from low-caste Bagris? After a time they returned to the good old way again, and, in fact, I think it was only a week later that we had a glorious fight with about thirty of them. We were out-numbered—two to one—and it would have gone hard with us had not a huge wild boar caused a diversion; but it grows late and the *huzoor* is yawning, so the story will keep till next time your honour comes to Malout. Good night, *huzoor;* may your prosperity increase and may you have twelve strapping sons!

* It will be remembered that Sir A. Conan Doyle makes use of an exactly similar device in his "Hound of the Baskervilles."—ED.

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A plant which stores water for its own sustenance.

THE New York Botanical Garden possesses a curiosity in a plant which supplies its own water from an internal reservoir. It comes from the Sonora Desert in Mexico, and is called the *guarequi*. The plant develops a large, thickened root and stem base, and, in the short season — only a few weeks in length — during which it can obtain water from the soil, it supplies itself by means of short tendrils, which then dry up. After that it lies on the desert entirely detached from the soil. It is said that this odd plant can store enough water to last a quarter of a century. The specimen in New York was obtained in 1902, and it has remained in a museum-case ever since. Annually, at its wonted season, it puts out tubers, which, obtaining no moisture or sunshine, soon die; but the plant itself continues to live. For seven successive years, repeating its annual search for moisture, the *guarequi* has continued to send out its useless tendrils. A specimen of this "camel" among plants is seen in the foreground of the photograph.

The Mormon leader, Brigham Young, has one of the most unique monuments ever erected to the memory of man. This is nothing more nor less than the first letter of his surname, "Y," cut out in white upon the western slope of the Wasatch Mountains, in Utah. The "Y" is made of rocks, bedded and painted, and is three hundred and thirty feet long and two hundred feet from tip to tip of its arms. It is the work of students of the Brigham University at Provo, a Mormon institution founded in

A quaint memorial to Brigham Young. A giant "Y" of painted rocks on the side of a mountain.

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To introduce ourselves to the public we offer this 3 foot telescope at a great bargain for only 99c. This is what you will call a big bargain when you once see it and is only an introductory offer, which will not hold good after we once withdraw it. With it one can see everything that is going on around. Everyone has use for a telescope. **Farmers, Ranchers, Yatchsmen, Aviators, Hunters, Boy Scouts** and in fact everyone has use for a telescope no matter where they live or who they are. Have you ever enjoyed the marvels of a telescope's power? If not then order this one to-day and give yourself a treat. Price prepaid by mail only 99 cents.

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at a small cost by using our Attachable outfit. FITS ANY BICYCLE. Easily attached. No special tools required. Write today for bargain list and free book **FREE BOOK** describing the SHAW Bicycle Motor Attachment. Motorcycles, all makes, new and second-hand, $35 and up.

SHAW MANUFACTURING CO.
Dept. 64 Galesburg, Kansas.

Resolve to Win!

Determination made Grant one of the greatest generals in history. The world knows his story. It knows, too, the stories of thousands of other determined men, who succeeded because they had a purpose and stuck to it.

Do you want to succeed? Do you want that better job? Do you want that increase in pay?

If you ***do*** want to get out of the rut—if you ***are*** determined to make something of yourself, send the International Correspondence Schools the attached coupon. Tell them what kind of position you want and they will show you how you can fit yourself to get it.

More than 500 determined men and women got better positions last month solely as a result of I. C. S. training. They secured this training in their own homes, at small cost and without losing time from their every-day work.

Determine to mark and mail the coupon to-day

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
Box 817. SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for the position before which I mark X

☐ ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING	☐ SALESMANSHIP	
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Name ______

Present Occupation ______

Street and No. ______

City ______ State ______

The Greek Convent of St. George, near Jericho—It was here, according to Biblical narrative, that the prophet Elijah was fed by the ravens.
Photo. by] [*American Colony, Jerusalem.*

1873. The great sign is situated well up on the mountain side in a position that makes it easily visible from nearly all points in the Utah Valley.

It would seem that practically every place in Palestine which tradition has associated with Biblical history is commemorated by a religious edifice of some kind. In the cities it is churches, and in the villages shrines; while in the open country the memorial takes the form of monasteries. Some of these latter are situated in extremely dreary spots, very difficult of approach. In the wild gorge of the Der Wadi el Kelt, for instance, at no great distance from Jericho, stands the Greek Convent of St. George. Although officially styled "convent" it is occupied by monks. In the basin of this ravine runs the brook Cherith, and it was beside this river, according to the Biblical narrative, that Elijah was fed by the ravens. High up among the precipitous crags, at a point where the stream makes a turn, towers the convent, tradition identifying this particular spot as the place where the prophet was succoured by the birds. A bleaker or more lonely habitation it is impossible to imagine, for it is in the very heart of the wilderness. The monastery was really formed by walling up a cavern in the rocks, one of the many which abound in this locality, and which were, in olden times, the abode of anchorites or hermits. The monastery dates back to the sixth century and is at present occupied by a band of some twenty Greek monks, who lead an ascetic life, eating little else beside vegetables, and fasting frequently. Although they are now seldom molested, this was not the case in olden times, for the monastery has been repeatedly stormed and plundered by hostile tribes.

The first photograph on the next page shows a huge model of a meerschaum pipe, mounted on wheels, forming one of the oddest delivery wagons to be seen anywhere. It was designed for a Los Angeles pipe manufacturer, and

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Every druggist can get Dr. Campbell's Wafers for you from his wholesale dealer.

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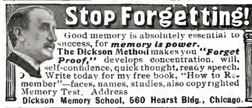

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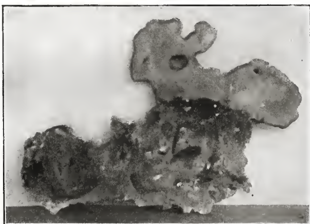
LEARN LETTERING AND DESIGN

A giant meerschaum used by a Los Angeles pipe-merchant as a perambulating advertisement.

not only serves for the delivery of his wares, but constitutes a most striking perambulating advertisement. The big pipe is drawn by a Shetland pony and driven by a boy, which adds to the illusion of gigantic size. The model is cleverly constructed of wood, with a metal cap.

In November last an outburst of natural gas near Sinton, Texas, U.S.A., made a hole in the earth's surface two thousand two hundred feet deep and seventy-five feet across. A well was being bored in search of oil, when a terrific flow of gas was encountered. The first "blow-out" threw the casing that lined the hole high into the air, and the gas flowed unrestrained at an estimated volume of sixty million cubic feet per day for a week. Then the powerful subterranean forces suddenly found an easier vent by tearing a crater-like cavern through the entire length of the well. Into this great hole the well-drilling outfit, engine and all, disappeared from view. Boiling-hot water now fills the pit —which is shown in our photograph—to within about a hundred feet of the surface, and the outlook for the recovery of the plant is the reverse of reassuring.

A few years ago, our readers will remember, there was a great earthquake in Jamaica, which, together with the fire that followed, did an euormous amount of damage. The night before the catastrophe occurred Messrs. A. W. Gardner and Co., of Kingston, locked up in their safe fifty-five pounds in gold, silver, and notes; the safe also contained two teapots, one silver and one white-metal. After the earthquake and fire had done their work the safe was reopened, when, in place of the money and the teapots, the extraordinary-looking object shown in the photograph was discovered. Careful search disclosed the fact that the notes were at the bottom left-hand corner of the mass, but—alas!—were no longer negotiable.



All that remained of the conteots of a safe after the Jamaica earthquake and fire. The lump represents £55 in money and two teapots!

It would be interesting to know how much Messrs. Gardner ultimately received for this curious lump of mixed metals.

The effect of an explosion of natural gas near Sinton, Texas—A huge hole two thousand two hundred feet deep.

WE INVITE
EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We invite you to try a new treatment called ***"Sargol"*** that helps digest the food you eat—hundreds of letters will prove that it puts good, solid flesh on people that are thin and under weight.

How can "Sargol" do this? We will tell you This new treatment is a scientific, assimilative agent for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made—putting red corpuscles in the blood which every thin person so sadly needs, strengthening the nerves and putting the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of food gives out its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men under weight or lacking in nerve force or energy tell how they have been made to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of which you can be justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write the Sargol Company, 420-G, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y., to-day, for 50c. box "Sargol," absolutely free, and use with every meal.

But you say you want proof? Well, here you are. Here is the statement of those who have tried—been convinced—and will swear to the virtues of this preparation:

C. BAPTIST says:

"After finishing the Sargol treatment for flesh building, I desire to inform you that I have gained just 39 pounds. When I began taking your treatment, I weighed 124 pounds and now after finishing your course the scales show that I weigh 163 pounds in four months."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:

"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before."

CLAY JOHNSON says:

"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine."

F. GAGNON writes:

"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age, and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:

"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. I took only two boxes of Sargol. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

Full address of any of these people if you wish.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! "Sargol" does make thin people add flesh, but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Write us to-day and we will send you absolutely free a 50c. package for trial.

Cut off coupon below and pin to your letter.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c. package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c. is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c. in stamps in letter today, with coupon, and the full 50c. package will be sent to you by return of post. Address: The Sargol Company, 420-G, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.

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RHEUMATISM

Write your name and address here

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And send to Frederick Dyer, Dept. 785, Jackson, Mich. Return mail will bring you **my $1 Drafts to try FREE and my Free Book,** as explained below.

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Return post will bring you a regular One Dollar pair of **Dyer Foot Drafts,** the world-renowned Michigan External Treatment for Rheumatism of every kind, **to try FREE.** No matter how you have suffered, nor how obstinate your case, I gladly take all the risk of failure. I'll do just as I say, and when you get the Drafts and try them, if you are fully satisfied with the benefit received, then you can send me One Dollar. If not, **keep your money.** It is for **you** to say which you'll do. You can see that I couldn't afford to make such an unusually liberal offer if my Drafts weren't almost always **successful.** In fact they are so good that thousands have written me that my Drafts cured them after all other means, including the most expensive baths, had failed; cured them even after 30 and 40 years of suffering. You'll be astonished to see what they'll do for **you.** The scientific reasons underlying this unusual treatment are fully explained in my **Free Book,** illustrated in colors, which I send Free with every trial pair of Drafts. Address Frederick Dyer, 785 Oliver Building, Jackson, Michigan. Send no money, just the coupon. Please do it **Now.**

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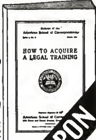

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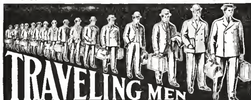

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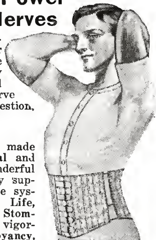

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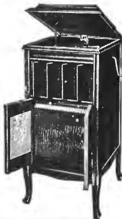

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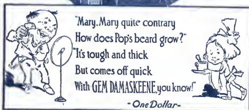

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